Saturday Review

AUDIO FAIR

SECTION

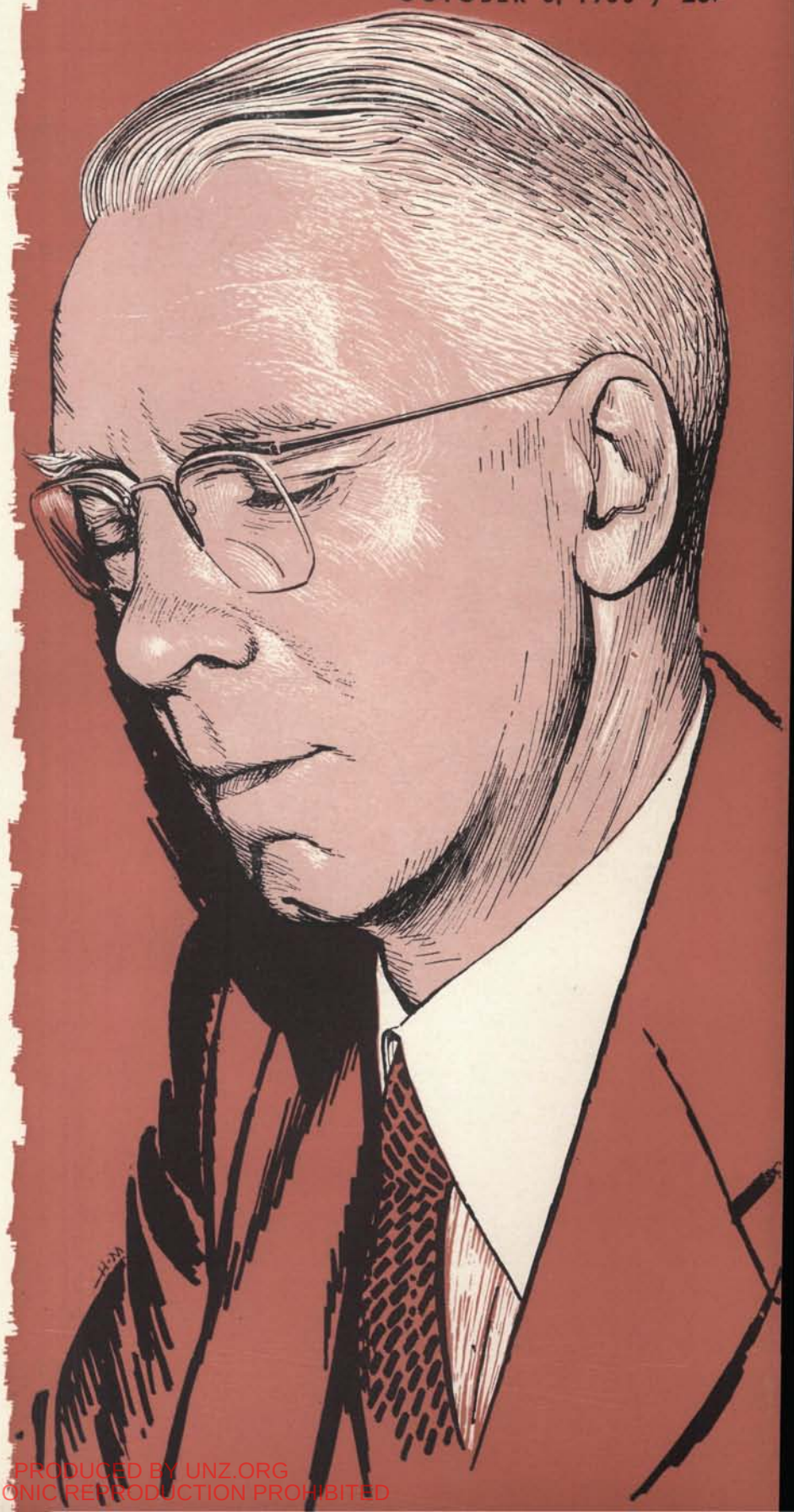
OCTOBER 8, 1955 / 20¢

AUDIO FAIR:
Alta Fedeltá 1955
By Irving Kolodin

WHAT IS PROSPERITY DOING TO OUR POLITICAL PARTIES?
By Eric F. Goldman

TRADE WINDS
By Bennett Cerf

R. M. MacIver, author of "The Pursuit of Happiness." (See page 12)



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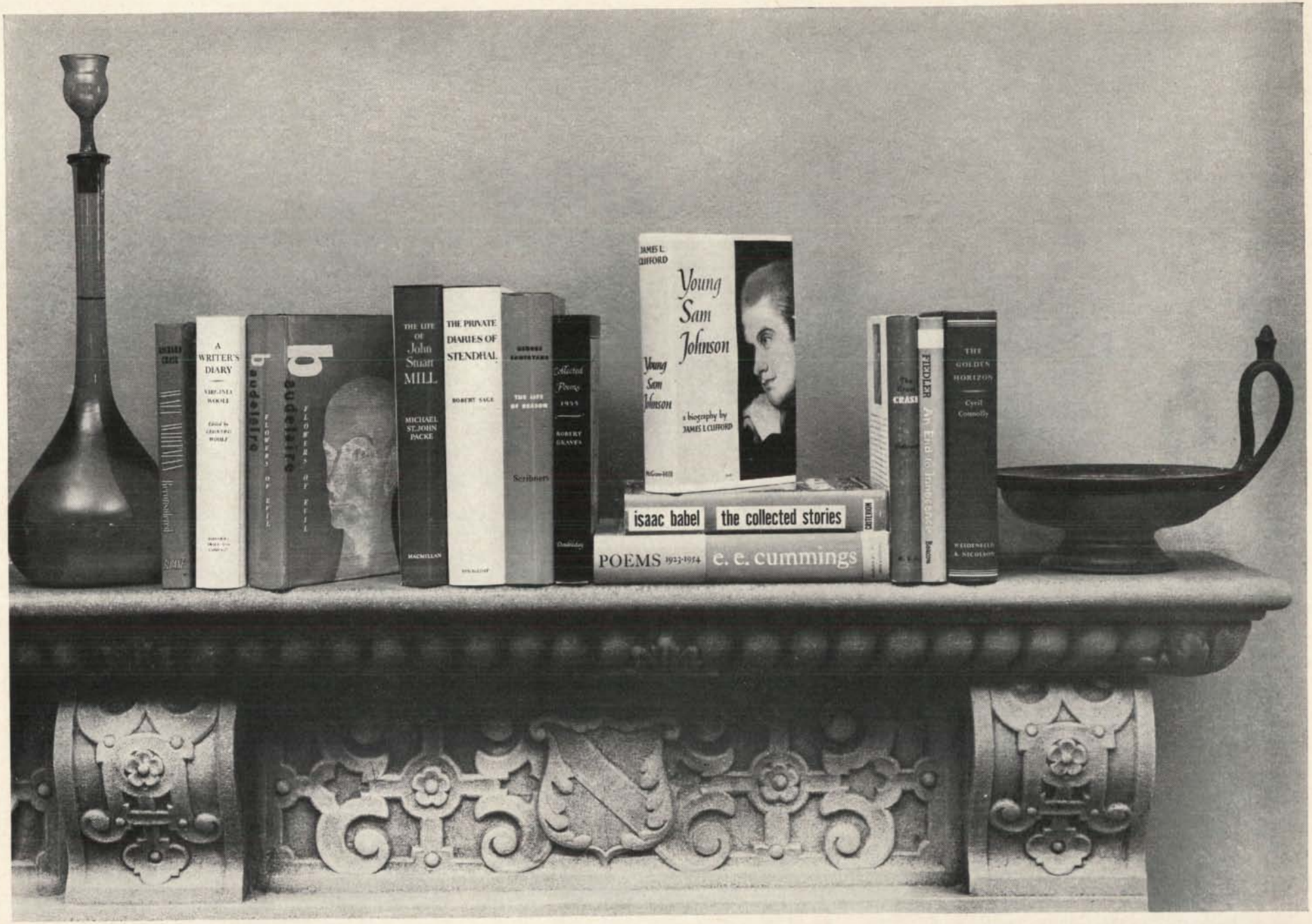

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The Saturday Review

OCTOBER 8, 1955

Cover Drawing by Hal McIntosh
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SR/IDEAS

9 What Is Prosperity Doing to Our Political Parties?, by Eric F. Goldman

11 Random Thoughts on Random Dogs, by John Steinbeck

22 The Twenty-Second Amendment: An Editorial

41 Alta Fedeltá 1955, by Irving Kolodin

SR/BOOKS

12 The Pursuit of Happiness, by R. M. MacIver
Reviewed by Donald Harrington

13 The Sane Society, by Erich Fromm
Reviewed by Bonaro W. Overstreet

14 The Myth of Sisyphus, by Albert Camus
Reviewed by William Barrett

15 My Life for My Sheep, by Alfred Duggan
Reviewed by Walter Havighurst

15 Not the Glory, by Pierre Boulle
Reviewed by Edmund Fuller

16 Nothing New Under the Sun, by Riccardo Bacchelli
Reviewed by Serge Hughes

17 Cities in Revolt *and* Cities in the Wilderness, by Carl Bridenbaugh
Reviewed by Richard B. Morris

19 Hornbooks for the Hunter, An Essay-Review by Thomas Caldecot Chubb

20 Eight Ways to Become an Authoress, A Picture-Review

SR/DEPARTMENTS

5 Trade Winds, by Bennett Cerf

6 Literary Crypt

10 Literary I.Q.

23 Letters to the Editor

24 Broadway Postscript, by Henry Hewes

26 *SR* Goes to the Movies, by Arthur Knight

27 Music to My Ears, by Irving Kolodin

29 Booked for Travel, by Horace Sutton

32 The Criminal Record

33 Ideas on Film, by Cecile Starr

59 Kingsley Double-Crostic No. 1124

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TRADE Winds

EVERY MAN TO HIS last, as managers of the Pittsburgh Pirates are wont to remark!

While Alan Green was tracking down for you all the literary tidbits he saw fit to print (and a fine job he did of it, too!) I was stalking the bosky dells of north Westchester collecting new shaggy-dog stories.

THERE WAS ONE, for instance, about two lions who strolled into a roadside tavern in search of refreshments. "Get a load of that little lady at the end of the bar," whispered one lion appreciatively. "Bah," scoffed the other. "You must be losing your eyesight." "Not at all," persisted lion number one. "In my estimation she's good enough to eat. In fact, I believe I will." And he suited the action to the words.

The next day lion number one turned up with an awful stomach-ache. "Hmpff!" snorted his unsympathetic friend. "I'll bet it's that barbituate."

ANOTHER CONCERNS a couple of sharpies who spotted a fine looking horse hitched in front of a feed store in Pennsylvania. One of them led the horse off while the other hastily strapped himself into the harness. "Sure I'm your horse," said the sharpie to the astonished farmer when he returned. "A wicked witch put a hex on me and turned me into a horse. The spell just expired. And now I'll ask you to release me, if you please."

The farmer swallowed the tale without question. A week later, however, he spotted his fine horse up for auction at a neighboring county fair, and promptly bought it back. "Well," he whispered in its ear as he led it away, "I see she got you again!"

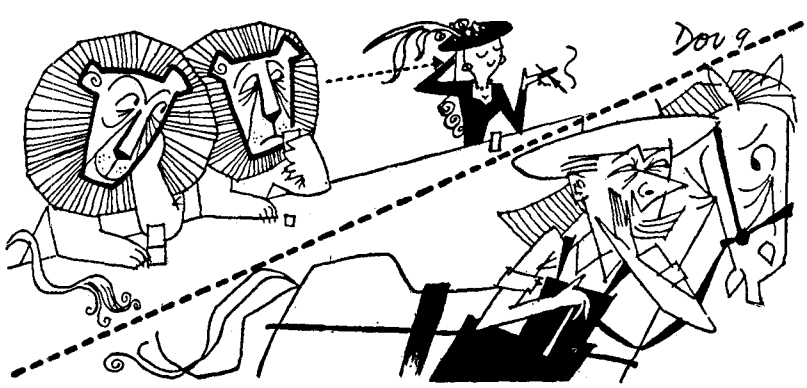
THE SUMMER IS OVER, and Publishers' Row once again is humming with activity, but gone from the scene forever are some impressive and dearly-loved figures.

The West Coast was still reeling from the shock of Joe Jackson's sudden death when another stalwart, Leslie Hood of Vroman's, was stricken. In Chicago it was the irrepressible Ben Abramson, he of Argus Bookshop fame, who died; in Philadelphia kindly Eddie Schlamm, custodian of the Snellenburg book operations for a generation. In New York, Don Brace and Cedric Crowell passed away. In Boston, the fateful jinx which has hovered over the important post of editor-in-chief of Little, Brown in recent years claimed another victim in the person of the immensely gifted Nick Wreden, just when he was beginning to seem an integral part of the Beacon Street picture.

The new editor at Little, Brown will be Ned Bradford. Replacing him in the New York office will be Randy Williams, until recently regarded by the entire book trade as an indispensable part of the Macmillan hierarchy.

Putnam's lost the man who guided its destinies all through the difficult Depression years: Mel Minton. And Alfred Knopf barely had returned from helping Thomas Mann celebrate his eightieth birthday in Zurich when news of the great German novelist's death was flashed around the world.

The deaths of old and valued friends always make depressed survivors resolve to lead more sensible and serene lives themselves—resolutions which, of course, they promptly forget until it is too late. One gesture everybody can make right now is to help support the new Joseph Henry Jackson Fund, designed to continue, in some small measure, the work to which Joe devoted his life: the raising of literary standards in the Golden West, and the development of new writers on the Coast worthy of the traditions they



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LOOKING FOR SOME REAL EXCITEMENT? The picture version of "The Desperate Hours" is an absolute knockout, and an unexpected entry, the low-budgeted "Phenix City Story," will have you gnawing your fingernails. And the best surprise ending I've encountered in a book in a long, long time—it stands up beautifully when you reread to check, too—is in Margaret Millar's thriller "Beast in View". . . . For an evening of soul-satisfying chuckles I urge you to read Gretchen Finletter's "The Dinner Party." I could have sworn that fully half of the bemused characters Mrs. Finletter manipulates so beautifully were guests in my own house this summer—and I'll bet 10,000 other readers come away with the same impression. Only a really top-flight writer can bring off a trick like this without faltering in the stretch.

The head of the family about which "The Dinner Party" revolves is a charming and slightly put-upon gentleman named Charles. Masters of their own menages will smile reminiscently when Charles decides to give away some volumes in his over-ex-

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 641

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 641 will be found in the next issue.

ZAY BXA ZCWD BVD

DC EATFASA RGBD

DGAQ

TABWD HYPAXWDBYP.

ZCYDBFLYA.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 640

Wisdom is knowing what to do next; virtue is doing it.

DAVID STARR JORDAN.

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panded library to leave shelf-room for some new additions. "I'll weed out 100 or so books I no longer want," he promises—and begins puttering about, piling volumes just where other members of the household are most certain to trip over them.

At the end of the day this is the complete list of books Charles has "weeded out," with airy instructions to his wife that they be "given to a deserving library, or something": Volumes 5, 7, and 8 of Holdsworth's "History of English Law," the 1923 "Report of the Carnegie Corporation," Professor Wolfson's "Critique of Coué-ism," Lord Abernathy's "Salmon Fish-

ing in Norway" (1911), and Stratton's "The Economic Impossibility of War" (1913).

Mrs. Finletter says that while she was stacking a similar collection in an unsteady tower behind a door in her own home she thought of a bright suggestion an alert publisher might start working on at once. "Let him," she counsels, "invent a destructive, odorless book powder, to be included as a dividend with every ten volumes purchased. In a week sales will bubble up like new May wine."

RICHARD ARMOUR HAS WRITTEN his own summary of European history in a volume named "It All Started with Europa," and when publishers McGraw Hill Book Co. label it "unreliable" they are not overstating. Mr. Armour starts doling out his pun-ishment in the days when channel swimming was not yet a standard pastime ("because the English Channel did not yet exist") and carries through to the era of the Bikini, or invisible bathing suit, whose wearers "fear only Neptune—because of his habit of zooming up from the depths of the sea with his pitchfork held on high."

En route you will encounter many a noble Roman in his toga ("the sack of Rome"), the Toudors and the Fourdors ("inventors of the station wagon"), Egyptian ras ("so indispensable a part of college cheers"), and Ghengis Khan (whose "collection of concubines was widely known as the Golden Horde").

Mr. Armour hints that his next safari may carry him to Turkey, where "a rolling stone gathers no mosque."

—BENNETT CERF.

A few of the fine tributes to

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Harper's Magazine: "It ends up so simply and humanly and (no other word for it) triumphantly that the lump comes to the throat and one isn't ashamed."

New York Herald Tribune: "You'll like Tom Rath. You'll like his wife. Mr. Wilson knows his stuff. It all rings true. Men in gray-flannel suits, and their wives in the better suburbs not only of New York but of Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, Denver and points west will read this story, and say, 'That's true!'"

New York Times: "This is a good novel — neat, smooth, and reportorially exact in its account of the pressures, problems and tribal customs of the men in gray flannel suits, the ambitious commuters who are too young to be either successes or failures but whose time is running out. A good story about nice people involved in recognizable as well as dramatic circumstances."

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Saturday Review: "A consequential novel by a mature writer who knows unwaveringly what he is about. One finishes page 304 with a comfortable feeling of having been entertained and enlightened."

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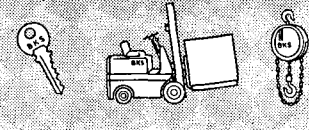

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OCTOBER 8, 1955

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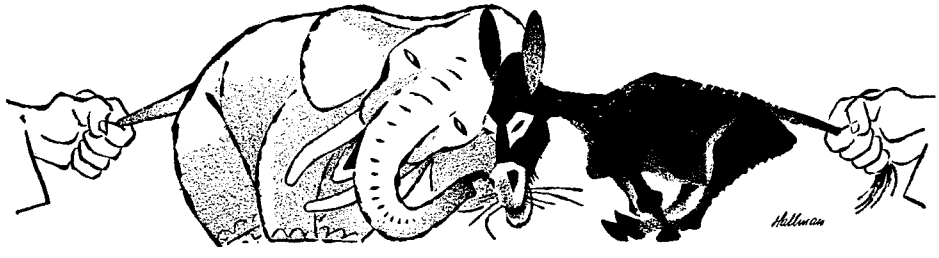

It's hard to be "against" prosperity. But the general prosperity of recent years has created an extraordinary political situation in the USA. Nearly all Americans have entered the middle-class—leaving only a few groups at the extremes of society; distinctions between Republican and Democrat have lessened—reducing us in some respects to a "one-party state." What this means for the future is discussed for SR *by Eric F. Goldman, professor of history at Princeton University, author of many books, including "Rendezvous with Destiny: A History of Modern American Reform" (which won the Bancroft Prize for 1953), and contributor to other magazines.*

By ERIC F. GOLDMAN

SOMETHING basic is happening in American politics. The change is blurred over by slogans from the past and personalities of the present. Yet enough is discernible to pronounce the political developments since World War II nothing less than a revolution.

For more than half a century, at least since the 1890s, the politics of the United States had been dominated by one great question: Should democracy mean the lessening of great differences in wealth and social status? The liberal answered with an emotion-charged affirmative. The conservative did not say that it was good for a democracy to have extreme class differences. He did say, and passionately, that acceptance of the liberal program would destroy something more important to all Americans than any amount of opportunity, their liberty. In general, the conservative emphasized freedom; the liberal, economic and social opportunities.

So the liberals and the conservatives battled away for control of the American mind. Both won mighty victories; both substantially controlled the destiny of the United States for long periods. And all the while, because of, regardless of, and to some extent in spite of the liberal-conservative split, America was changing in a way which obliterated the major issue dividing the two factions. A number of quite different developments—social legislation, the miracles of mass production, the leveling effects of World Wars I and II—all of these were revolutionizing the nation's social structure. By the end of World War II the United States had answered the question, Should democracy mean the lessening of extremes in wealth and status? It had answered the question in the simplest and most final of all ways—by largely abolishing the extremes.

HOW far should we proceed in leveling American society? Have the moves made to broaden opportunities for the masses curtailed liberty dangerously? The questions have certainly been asked in the years after World War II. But now neither liberal nor conservative shows much heart for providing clear-cut answers.

For centuries Europe has been producing a conservative who is ready to reply to such problems with fire and finality. Intellectual heirs of the landed gentry and of Edmund Burke's arguments, these Europeans have shown little faith in the doctrine of progress, particularly of progress that is to be achieved through democratization and improvement of the ma-

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terial standard of living. From its beginnings the United States has also produced such conservatives, and today Burkeanism reappears full-blown in the doleful prose of Russell Kirk. But, now or in the past, American conservatives of this type have been few in number and almost as small in significance.

To speak of American conservatism in its really potent form is to speak of the business-minded, who have been about as Burkean as Mao Tse-tung. Far from suspecting democracy, the business-minded in the United States have extolled themselves as the truest expression of it. Devotees of progress, certain that progress means material improvement, they simply have not thought in terms of the living standard *vs.* traditional values.

Just because the American conservative has accepted democracy and associated progress with material improvement, he has stood on quicksand. From first to last the European conservative was in a position to challenge the reformer's very goal of a better standard of living; more and more, the American conservative could only say that he would take you there in a sounder way. By the end of World War II American conservatism was squarely impaled on the horns of a dilemma. It yearned to protect wealth, status, and its old emphasis on liberty. But, within the confines of the ideas it had accepted, it could not command a public following without doing or conceding things that whittled away wealth, status, and liberty in the conservative's sense of the word. Under the circumstances post-World War II conservatism became not so much a program as a blueprint for strategic retreat. The conservative turned into a man who agrees with the liberal twenty, or perhaps ten, or perhaps one year later.

In recent years the conservative has been forced to compromise so much that he has compromised himself right out of a cause. Men concerned with the details of incessant retreat, wriggling on the horns of a dilemma, are hardly leaders who can enlist the hearts of large numbers of people. Conservatism was one thing back in the 1880s, when President Grover Cleveland proclaimed that nothing would make him deviate from the principle that "the people should support the Government but the Government should not support the people." The bugles really blew then, and the faithful marched erect with a sense of destiny. Conservatism is quite another thing in the 1950s, when the argument has shifted to whether we should have 75,000 or 500,000 units of public housing, or whether, as a matter of fact, it isn't better for welfare capitalism to spend its money for a million new units.

If conservatism has been debilitated by compromise, the liberal has been overwhelmed by victory. Change the social environment, the reformer confidently demanded over the decades, and the average American would emerge a balanced, kindly human being, interested in the general welfare. In the years surrounding World War II the social environment has been magically improved for millions in the United States. And there he is, the liberal's dream, the American well-housed, well-fed, and well-clothed, wired for television or cinerama, freer from racial or religious discriminations than all his ancestors —there he is, the liberal's dream and probably quite ready to clout with a McCarthyite shillelagh any liberal who talks of the general welfare. In the recent period nothing so characterizes the writings of liberals as a mordant probing of the very uplifted masses which they did so much to create. And all the while, frightened by the popular frenzy for conformity, many a liberal has been shifting his emphasis in the direction of the old conservative concern for liberty.

Today in matters of domestic policy there are still diehard liberals and conservatives. There are also significant differences between those who, in the postwar manner, merely lean toward one or another of the doctrines. But the two philosophies have largely ceased to provide a meaningful division in American politics on issues of policy at home. The great domestic question which gave them so much vitality has been answered. The tendency of the conservative to accept an emphasis on broadening opportunities and the liberal swing to a concern for liberty have blurred over the major distinction between the doctrines. The loss of inner confidence by both movements has rendered them incapable of offering clean-cut, rousing solutions to remaining home problems. So far as the domestic problems of the 1950s are concerned, in a very real sense we are all conservatives, we are all liberals—and most of us grow restless at the arguments which once made emotional fires leap around the words.

BY THEMSELVES these domestic developments would indicate a significant shift in the politics of the United States. But post-World War II America, it need hardly be said, does not operate entirely or even primarily within a framework of problems at home. The emergence to first importance of foreign policy has

(*Continued on page* 34)

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

PEOPLE IN POETRY

Ned Beatty Bartlow of Baton Rouge, Louisiana, submits ten poetical quotations in each of which a dash is substituted for a proper name. She asks you to repair these sins of omission. Five or fewer correct identifications just won't do; six or seven will just do; eight or better is some do. Answers on page 34.

1. "I thought once how _____ had sung
   Of the sweet years, the dear and wish'd-for years."
2. "_____, I charge thee, fling away ambition:
   By that sin fell the angels."
3. "_____ had a letter,—
   He never had but one."
4. "Then farewell, _____, whom I hated so,
   Not for thy faults, but mine."
5. "Ah, *did you once see* _____ plain?"
6. "Weave the warp and weave the woof,
   The winding sheet of _____'s race."
7. "Of lovely Laura in her light green dress,
   And faithful _____ gloriously crown'd."
8. "Two hundred years are flown
   Since first thy story ran through Oxford halls,
   And the grave _____ did the tale inscribe."
9. "Miniver loved the _____,
   Albeit he had never seen one:"
10. "They told me, _____, they told me you were dead;
    They brought me bitter news to hear and bitter tears to shed."

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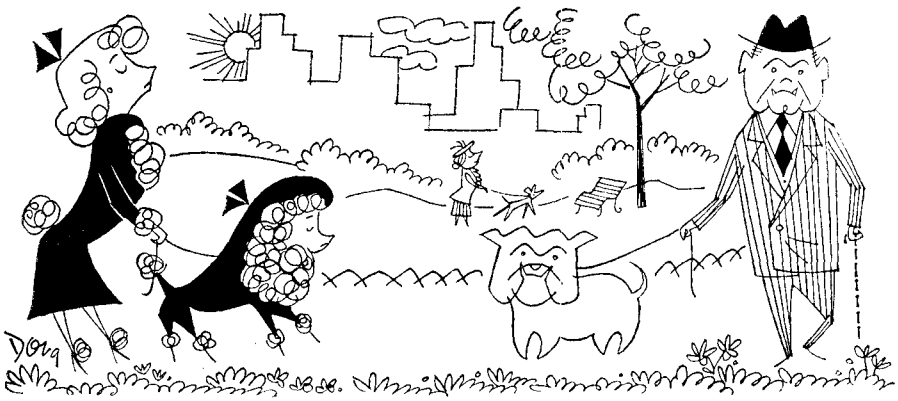

RANDOM THOUGHTS ON RANDOM DOGS

By JOHN STEINBECK

A VERY wise man writing recently about the emergence and development of our species suggests that the domestication of the dog was of equal importance with the use of fire to first man. Through association with a dog, man doubled his perceptions, and besides this the dog—sleeping at dawn-man's feet—let him get a little rest undisturbed by creeping animals. The uses of the dog change. One of the first treatises on dogs in English was written by an abbess or a prioress in a great religious house. She lists the ban dog, the harrier, the dog from Spain called spaniel and used for reclaiming wounded birds, the dogs of "venerie," etc., and finally she says, "There been those smalle whyte dogges carried by ladys to draw the fleas away to theirselves." What wisdom was here. The lap dog was not a decoration but a necessity.

A dog has, in our day, changed his function. Of course, we still have hounds used for the chase and greyhounds for racing, and the pointers, setters, and spaniels for their intricate professions, but in our total dog population these are the minority. Many dogs are used as decorations but by far the greatest number are a sop for loneliness. A man's or a woman's confidant. An audience for the shy. A child to the childless. In the streets of New York between seven and nine in the morning you will see the slow procession of dog and owner proceeding from street to tree to hydrant to trashbasket. They are apartment dogs. They are taken out twice a day and, while it is cliche, it is truly amazing how owner and dog resemble each other. They grow to walk alike, have the same set of head.

In America styles and dogs change. A few years ago the Airedale was most popular. Now it is the Cocker, but the Poodle is coming up. A thousand years ago I can remember when the Pug was everywhere.

In America we tend to breed out non-working dogs to extremes. We breed Collies with their heads so long and narrow that they can no longer find their way home. The ideal Dachshund is so long and low that his spine sags. Our Dobermen are paranoid. We have developed a Boston Bull with a head so large that the pups can only be born by Caesareans.

It is not wise to mourn for the apartment dog. His lifespan is nearly twice that of the country dog. His boredom is probably many times greater. One day I got in a cab and gave the address of an animal store. The driver asked, "Is it a dog you're after? Because I can let you have a dog. I got dogs."

"It's not a dog, but how is it you have dogs?"

"It's this way," the cabby said. "It's Saturday night in an apartment and a man and his wife were lapping up a scoop of gin. About midnight they get to arguing. She says, 'Your damn dog. Who has to clean up after him and walk him and feed him, and you just come home and pat him on the head.' And the guy says, 'Don't you run down my dog.' 'I hate him,' she says. 'O.K. Pal,' he says, 'if that's the way you want it. Come on, Spot,' and he and the dog hit the street. The guy sits on a bench and holds the mutt in his arms and cries and then the two of them go to a bar and the guy tells everybody there no dame could treat his pal that way. Well, pretty soon they close the bar and it's late and the liquor begins to wear off and the guy wants to go home. So he gets in the cab and gives the dog to the cabbie. It happens to me every Saturday night."

I HAVE owned some astonishing dogs. One I remember with pleasure was a very large English Setter. He saw things unknowable. He would bark at a tree by the hour, but only at one tree. In grape season he ate nothing but grapes which he picked off the vine, one grape at a time. In pear season he subsisted on windfall pears, but he would not touch an apple. Over the years he became more and more otherworldly. I think he finally came to disbelieve in people. He thought he dreamed them. He gathered all the dogs in the neighborhood and gave them silent lectures or sermons, and one day he focused his attention on me for a full five minutes and then he walked away. I heard of him from different parts of the state. People tried to get him to stay, but in a day or so he would wander on. It is my opinion that he was a seer and that he had become a missionary. His name was T-Dog. Long later, and 100 miles away, I saw a sign painted on a fence which said "T-God." I am convinced that he had transposed the letters of his last name and gone out into the world to carry his message to all the dogs thereof.

I have owned all kinds of dogs but there is one I have always wanted and never had. I wonder if he still exists. There used to be in the world a white, English Bull Terrier. He was stocky, but quick. His muscle was pointed and his eyes triangular so that his expression was that of cynical laughter. He was friendly and not quarrelsome, but forced into a fight he was very good at it. He had a fine, decent sense of himself and was never craven. He was a thoughtful, inward dog, and yet he had enormous curiosity. He was heavy of bone and shoulder. Had a fine arch to his neck. His ears were sometimes cropped, but his tail never. He was a good dog for a walk. An excellent dog to sleep beside a man's bed. He showed a delicacy of sentiment. I have always wanted one of him. I wonder whether he still exists in the world.

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THE AUTHOR: At seventy-three Dr. R. M. MacIver, an educator whose name is a campus word, has been happily conquered by a yen. Dr. MacIver's yen had been assaulting him for years. Loosely speaking, it had been an urge to write a book having nothing to do with his specialties, political philosophy and sociology, about which he had written more than a dozen books. To his regret, however, Dr. MacIver found that his schedule as Lieber Professor at Columbia forced him to wage a consistently winning battle against starting the book. Luckily he began losing in 1950, when, after decades of teaching, he retired. "At last I had the time to write 'The Pursuit of Happiness,' a book I'd a yen to do for ages," he said cheerfully the other day. As a professor emeritus Dr. MacIver has discovered that he is busier than when he was a professor on Morningside Heights. "There is always a request to do a little job that tempts you," he reported. One little job that tempted him was to direct a study for the American Academic Freedom Project. His findings will be published in a few weeks. Dr. MacIver is one of scholarship's most self-interrupting writers. "Often while I'm searching for the right expression I break off for a few minutes to play a hand of a cumulative patience game," he confided. "It's a sort of variation on Canfield. It's my own invention!" Dr. MacIver has been writing and playing his variation ever since he was graduated from Edinburgh University and Oriel College, Oxford. At both he made an awesome sweep of honors, and the next thing he knew he was teaching. Outside of the classroom he is a kind of over-age Boy Scout, indulging in all sorts of outdoor activities. (His chief hobby is collecting, identifying, and eating mushrooms.) Years ago he pioneered the woody frontier of Palisades, N. Y., where he now lives. Students are always dropping in for a chat, which delights the Professor. "I've always loved teaching and meeting students," he said. "Whether I did it well or badly, I've always loved it."

—Bernard Kalb.

IDEAS FOR OUR TIME

New Light on an Old Adventure

"The Pursuit of Happiness," by R. M. MacIver *(Simon & Schuster. 182 pp. $3), offers the reflections of a distinguished teacher on man's quest for the significance of life. It is reviewed here by Donald Harrington, who is minister of the Community Church in New York City.*

By Donald Harrington

SO MANY of the "How to get power-how to be happy" books that are appearing these days are poorly thrown together composites of over-simplified psychology, superficial slogans, and calloused clichés that the discerning reader opens them with suspicion. Yet there is no more important subject than that of the search for life's significance, and none more desperately needed for consideration by this present generation. In Robert MacIver's new volume, "The Pursuit of Happiness," we have magnificence of conception and scintillating quality of writing fully up to the overriding importance of the subject. It is a sane, sentient exposition of how modern man may most profitably explore that inalienable right attributed to and won for him by our forefathers.

In his prologue, which contains some of the finest poetry-in-prose writing of our day, Dr. MacIver explores the meaning of time and man's mistaken tendency to live for the future or in the past rather than in the momentary now. "When we grasp the years we miss the moments," he reminds us. "Too busy for enjoyment, we snatch at quick pleasures instead, and at length lose the habit of knowing what enjoyment means. So we cut ourselves off from the sense of pleasant discourse, from the immersion of our being in the rhythms of nature, from the exploration of the potentialities of human relationships, from the savor of the wonder of living and its adventurousness, in short, from the moments in which the present subtly merges in the past and the future . . . When life is rich in the moments of living, then time is no longer outside of us. Life and time are one, . . ."

Having thus set the stage of expectation, and having warned us that the significance of life is caught in its vivifying moments tasted out to the full, Dr. MacIver proceeds to explore the meaning of life's adventure for each individual. Different for each one, it is to be found in the fullest realization of the inner potentialities of the particular self that one may be. Some find their significance in surrender to some high and holy authority. Some find it in the exaltation of the search for ever-unfolding truth along life's adventuring road. "Happiness," he says in a most satisfying definition, "is the resonance of the whole being as it moves towards that which fulfils it. It is the harmony within you, as you, the whole you, the animating you, move toward whatever oneness you are capable of becoming."

Proceeding then to the frustrations and roadblocks to happiness encountered inevitably along life's highway —the certainty of advancing age and decay, the loss of privacy in which the soul can come to itself, the "great emptiness" in the souls of the millions who try vainly to substitute excitement for significance. the false pride in one's own inner circle, the blunderings of man, the sophomore, which threaten both civilization and life itself, the self-righteous passion of the ego, the temptation to moralize the universe into a man-made strait jacket. Each of these areas of frustration of the deep urgency to self-expression and self-realization is thoroughly explored.

WHAT, then, are the great principles which, when we live by them, bring happiness as the quiet comrade of our days? The Golden Rule is one, and it is sheer equity that it commands. The acceptance of truth as true is another, and we often fail to live by the truth which defies tradition. There is the art that is sincere, existing for itself and not for the fame of the artist. There is the knowledge that interprets the universe rather than manipulating it only, and that constitutes the road to a wisdom which transcends it. There are the facts of life and love which must be faced, though they are not always pleasant nor easy to accept.

Finally, there are the great events which give life its ultimate meaning, and which are shrouded in perpetual mystery—birth and death, reproduc-

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ion, sleep, and the great interpretive lisciplines of religion and philosophy. t is important to be rigorously honest bout religion, he says. Far too many eople have shrunk from being hon-st in their attitude toward it. "The all of religion may change little from ge to age, but the expression of eligion is less meaningful unless it s responsive to our own experience." he tragedy of religion-seeking man s that the fossil forms of religion re so sedulously cultivated. "Of all he great expressions of the mind nd heart of man religion alone is ot permitted its free growth." Dr. MacIver looks forward to the arising of a new religion which "will be in ccord with the expansion of expe-ience and of knowledge. Its Spirit will not be tribal, but universal. . . . t will enshrine no dogmas. It will ave its exponents but not its au-horities. It will find its mysteries within the known, not within the contentless unknown we usually in-oke when we call on the name of God. . . . It will be a religion of un-lerstanding. It will cultivate the quiet, adventurous joys that lie in he contemplation of the style of the niverse, searching out the heights nd depths that everywhere within t may be found. . . . It will be free o grow. It will enlarge the con-eption of divinity, immanent in the llness to which we humbly belong."

Thus does Dr. MacIver, out of the wisdom and erudition of his years as a writer, scientist, and philosopher, in chapters filled with arresting new concepts and felicitous words and phrases that linger in the memory, portray the old but ever-new adventure of life. His book is deeply sensitive, tinglingly provocative, rich in background and information, religious in the highest, spiritual sense. It touches the reader's life with dignity. It is easy to read and to apply. It is a clear and quiet voice which will be heard above the senseless shoutings of the contemporary spiritual hucksters.

An Obtainable Utopia

"The Sane Society," by Erich Fromm *(Rinehart. 363 pp. $5), is a leading psychoanalyst's analysis of and prescription for the maladies of our generation. Bonaro W. Overstreet, who reviews it below, is the author of "Understanding Fear" and other books.*

By Bonaro W. Overstreet

ON THE first page of Erich Fromm's "The Sane Society" you encounter the challenge that you have to carry with you to the final page: "Nothing is more common than the idea that we, the people living in the Western world of the twentieth century, are eminently sane . . . and as far as individual mental disturbances are concerned we look at them as strictly individual incidents. . . .

"Can we be so sure that we are not deceiving ourselves? . . .

"Let us, in good psychiatric fashion, look at the facts. . . ."

As much later in hours and days as it takes you to absorb the author's thesis, and to let it have its way with your mind, you close the book on these words: "We are in reach of achieving a state of humanity which corresponds to the vision of our great teachers; yet we are in danger of the destruction of all civilization, or of robotization. A small tribe was told thousands of years ago: 'I put before you life and death, blessing and curse —and you chose life.' That is our choice too."

Between that beginning and that ending lie some 360 pages that constitute, for this reader at least, less a book than a journey: an exacting, at times wearisome, but richly rewarding journey into a far country—a country where the commonly accepted looks suddenly strange and wellnigh incredible, and where the "fantastic" and "impossible" look both logical and attainable. It is quite a journey for the mind to take; and I warmly recommend it.

I don't believe I myself realized until I came to the very end of Fromm's book how long it had been since I had felt the exciting impact of a full-scale social vision. Ever since the First World War, it seemed to me, in sudden retrospect, the good will of the liberal community had chiefly spent itself on piecemeal improvements; or on picking up the pieces of broken lives, broken hopes, and broken promises; or on simply holding the line against disaster—or warning against dangers ahead. Or it had offered partial visions—as of a peaceful world brought about by some union of existing nations. But it seemed a long time since the liberal spirit had stood tall in firmness and faith to say to man, "This is what you can do; this is what you can be *because you are man.*" Fromm, surprisingly, tries to provide the vision.

I say surprisingly because the vision catches the reader off guard. I myself had worked my way through more than two hundred pages before I began to feel what lay ahead: before I realized that what I was reading was not simply one more sound but relatively familiar analysis of man's nature as viewed by a top psychoanalyst, and one more study of what is wrong with our present values and practices.

THE early chapters provide, indeed, their own brand of excitement: Are We Sane? . . . Can a Society Be Sick? . . . Mental Health and Society. In these we find again—as in his "Man for Himself"—the tingling sense of human nature as beset by inner contradictions but as fulfilled in creativeness and love.

Then comes a long chapter—130 pages—on Man in Capitalistic Society; and I, for one, almost bogged down in it. Here again, as in "Man for Himself" and "Escape from Freedom," the thesis is that of the alienated human being: of man converted into commodity. One can accept the thesis and still, I believe, find this chapter interminable and irritating: irritating because the author himself sounds, at times, irritable, and prone to mix the convincingly important with the unconvincing and unimportant. Nonetheless, there the chapter stands: essential to the book, and a challenge to all of us who assume that social and economic processes must be sane because they exist and have their own sort of efficiency.

Beyond this chapter, however, the author climbs to the hill of vision; and I am profoundly grateful for having been permitted to climb in his company. I came out on top a little breathless. I could not see in detail all that he saw in the landscape below. But what a view!

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Virtue in the Absurd

"The Myth of Sisyphus," by Albert Camus *(translated by Justin O'Brien. Alfred A. Knopf. 212 pp. $3.50), a book published in France in 1942 and now appearing in this country for the first time, is a French philosopher's statement of the case for Existentialism and his argument against it. William Barrett, associate editor of* The Partisan Review, *reviews it below.*

By William Barrett

THERE is only one serious philosophic problem, Albert Camus says at the start of his "Myth of Sisyphus," and that is the problem of suicide. The question man has to put to himself before all others is: Does Life have a meaning? And if it should turn out to be meaningless why not then put an end to it?

Such is the somber opening of a book that, paradoxically enough, when it first appeared in France in 1942, sounded like a tocsin of courage to many intellectuals in the French Resistance. And rightly so for, though Camus insists on stating the human condition in its bleakest terms, he is the furthest thing from a pessimist, and the whole of this lovely evocative essay breathes a deep love of life. The part of courage, Camus believes, is to try to see things as they are with a lucid mind ("lucidity" is one of his key words), above all not to be a dupe of vain hopes and vainer fantasies. And among these things that are is the fact that for the modern mind (at least a mind like Camus's) all the great explanatory hypotheses—the consoling dreams of religion or the sweeping theories of philosophy—that once upon a time supplied a binding and universal meaning for life have lost their hold upon us and we live in a world where, to use Nietzsche's words, God is dead.

Moreover, as if to compound the felony, Camus argues that human reason itself can never discover the ultimate meaning of things: life is too bizarre, paradoxical, absurd to be grasped by reason at all. But just here, when he seems to have brought us to the lowest and blackest point of nihilism, Camus turns positive and repudiates the idea of suicide, declaring that the very absurdity and irrationality of life are its vital and redeeming features. We live in the absurd and by virtue of the absurd, never by pure reason alone, and sometimes even in spite of reason.

So the essay turns out to be an exploration of what Camus calls the Absurd Hero, the starkest and boldest example of which may be the mythical figure of Sisyphus himself. Condemned by the gods to roll a stone to the top of a hill from which it always rolled back, Sisyphus is the image par excellence of futile and useless labor, and so the bleakest symbol Camus could have chosen for the pointlessness of human life. Yet Camus is so willing to say yea to life that he can even believe that Sisyphus may be happy: the struggle to lift our rock against all the oppressive forces of fate, without the comforting fantasies of Heaven or any other ultimate deliverance, can become a task to engage all a man's energy and all his passion, and therefore a life challenging and exciting enough to make us go on living. So Sisyphus triumphs in virtue of the Absurd.

THIS Absurd Hero has had some remarkable and varied fortunes in recent French literature. Beginning with André Gide's Lafcadio, practitioner of the *acte gratuit*, the purely spontaneous act devoid of any rational motivation, he reappears, in considerably altered guise to be sure, in the early novels of Malraux in the figures of those audacious adventurers Garine and Perken, whose human destinies are in crazy contrast to the inhuman Asiatic spaces with which they wrestle. Camus's heroes are secretly kin to Malraux's, for as a North African (he was born in Algiers) Camus has known at home the same non-European inhumanity and strangeness of desert and jungle that Malraux had to go to Asia to find. But between Malraux and Camus has arisen the new influence of the Existentialist movement, and existential philosophy, brought to France by Sartre, has dug at just these same irrational and absurd depths of life: so that Camus's heroes of the absurd rest upon a deeper philosophical reflection, however slenderer his gifts as a writer may be than those of his two predecessors.

Thus "The Myth of Sisyphus" should be read side by side with Camus's novel "The Stranger." Each work explains the other: Meursault, hero of "The Stranger," is the incarnation in flesh and blood of the Absurd Hero theorized about in "Sisyphus," alive in his defiance and his revolt, in his stubborn will to remain lucidly and honestly within the limits only of what he knows. It is a difficult ideal of life, and maybe too narrow and thwarting a one: but it is also one that we cannot help but admire.

Thinkers Today

TWENTIETH-CENTURY PHILOSOPHERS: Morton White's little book **"The Age of Analysis"** (*Houghton Mifflin*: clothbound, $3; New American Library: paperbound, 50¢) contains a "selective survey" of the doctrines of the major philosophers of the twentieth century. The editor sees the century as a period of analysis in philosophy. He means by this that the days of the system-builders appear to be past, that no one now tries to explain the cosmos as a whole, that the thinkers of our own era are content if they can know a few little things (like the fox of Archilochus) and no longer aspire to know one big thing (like the hedgehog). Many of them indeed prefer the logical analysis of scientific sentences to those larger speculations about nature and destiny which animated the philosophic quest of man from the Greeks like Plato and Aristotle to the great European systematizers from St. Thomas Aquinas to Hegl.

If this observation is not true of all of the philosophers represented in the volume, it provides at least a convenient device for organizing the contents of the book. Mr. White begins therefore with the writers of more general interests and proceeds to those of more specific, using the American pragmatists as a transition between them. His list includes the names of G. E. Moore (to whom the book is dedicated), Benedetto Croce, George Santayana, Henri Bergson, Alfred North Whitehead, Edmund Husserl, Jean-Paul Sartre, Charles Sanders Pierce, William James, John Dewey, Bertrand Russell, Rudolf Carnap, and Ludwig Wittgenstein. Thirteen philosophers in one small book is a goodly number and the selection from each of them while carefully chosen and judiciously introduced, is necessarily short.

The book as a whole is one of a series of six (of which one other, "The Age of Belief," has appeared) entitled The Great Ages of Western Philosophy and prepared for the general reader. —ROBERT BIERSTEDT.

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FICTION

Canterbury's Tale

"My Life for My Sheep," by Alfred Duggan *(Coward-McCann. 341 pp. $5), is a fictionalized account of Thomas à Becket and his relationship with his king by a novelist who has won critical acclaim for his recreation of England's feudal past.*

By Walter Havighurst

ALFRED DUGGAN is very much at home in the past and he quickly takes a reader to distant times and people. In "My Life for My Sheep," a novelized biography of Thomas à Becket, he displays an easy knowledge of life in the streets, the schools, the courts, and cathedrals of twelfth-century England. His chief characters are a king and an archbishop, but beneath their feudal trappings he finds the affections, fears, and angers which agitate men in all ages.

In September 1126 young Thomas Becket, son of an obscure London merchant, rode off to the Merton Priory school. He was a quick and industrious boy, with concealed pride and a hot temper. At school he learned Latin, which could open all knowledge to him. Then further schooling in London and Paris led him to the study of law.

—Culver.

The Murder of Becket—"storied past."

As clerk for the Archbishop of Canterbury he was soon a trusted lawyer and diplomatist, and so he came to the notice of King Henry, who made him his Chancellor as well as his comrade and friend. They made a striking pair, the giant chancellor, witty and learned, ambitious and austere, and the squat, unkempt, prankish young king. There were a few sunny seasons, skylarking in London, hunting in the country, traveling with the wandering court. Then the Archbishop of Canterbury died, and one day in the greenwood the king turned to his tall friend.

"Why don't you take Canterbury? You could hold it with the Chancery."

"My dear Henry," said Thomas without looking up from the grass blade he was chewing, "you're crazy."

"Do it to please me."

"Shall I please you?" Thomas asked. "For I know you will require of me many things which I shall not bear."

The drama of Thomas à Becket is a conflict of Church and State, of power and devotion. But in Mr. Duggan's narrative it is first of all a personal drama. When Thomas asserted the law of the Church above the power of the throne the king became his mortal enemy. At their meeting, years later, the exiled archbishop felt a leaping of the old friendship. Here was his old comrade and commander, his companion in the hunt, his friend who had roistered with him in the taverns of Cheapside when the world was young. They must ride away together, firm friends again. But when Thomas insisted on the rights of Holy Church they were again enemies, and the power of the throne did not stop at the doors of the cathedral. With the swords about to pierce him, Thomas murmured, "For the holy name of Jesus and the safety of this church, I offer myself to death."

But the other power was patient, and in the end it was stronger. Thomas became a saint, revered throughout Christendom, and the king knelt before the altar to receive the scourging of seventy choir-monks.

Mr. Duggan has taken an episode from England's storied past and made it clearer and closer than the life around us.

Pierre Boulle—"individualized artist."

Masquerade

"Not the Glory," by Pierre Boulle *(translated by Xan Fielding. Vanguard Press. 235 pp. $3.50), tells of a Nazi agent in Britain who in a strange way becomes what he pretends to be.*

By Edmund Fuller

PIERRE BOULLE is a novelist with an unusual and interesting mind. He writes in French about people and phenomena peculiarly British. He is preoccupied with the paradoxical situation of a man devoting his utmost talents and energies to the service of an enemy through a scrupulosity about his own code. In "The Bridge Over the River Kwai," published last year, the case in point was a captive British colonel who resisted the Japanese obstinately and fiercely on the protocol governing treatment of prisoners of war but having won his points became so obsessed by the job he was assigned to carry out for them as to lose his life thwarting the work of a team of British saboteurs.

In his new novel, "Not the Glory," William Conrad, a Nazi agent of remarkable subtlety and ability, works himself into extremely high place in England. As his means of attaining this strategic eminence, and in construction of his false character, he serves the British with the best of his talents. From this point, the strange tendency of a man to become what he has pretended to be leads to enigmatic and quite fascinating results which it is the province of the story to explore.

"Not the Glory" lacks the special

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drama of setting, action, and open conflicts that marked "The Bridge Over the River Kwai" and for this reason may be less widely popular. However, it is no less interesting in its way. It is a study both of individual psychology and, insofar as there are such things, of national traits.

William Conrad, journalist and novelist, is at the center of the picture. He purports to be a Pole, escaped from a concentration camp. His articles have made him a popular idol. His contributions to morale and to propaganda planning are immense. Balanced against him is Sir Wallace Goodfellow, in whose home Conrad is a frequent guest. The writer has no suspicion that Sir Wallace is a key figure in counterespionage who is convinced he is a spy and is working with sorely tried patience and utter secrecy to prove it.

A third figure is of importance, but we know him only through his letters from Malaya. This is Arthur Patton, by training a philosopher, who was Conrad's closest friend, unaware of his true role. Mr. Boulle subtly uses Patton's letters as a "chorus" for his drama and for expounding his thoughts on national character. Patton writes, at one time: "The imperceptible cohesive quality of our environment explains why it has so much power not only over ourselves, by protecting us against outside influences, but also over foreigners, who involuntarily surrender themselves to it."

I should not overlook the absorbing minor figure of J. R. Beckett, code solver and cipher breaker extraordinary. Altogether, this enigmatic and intellectually suspenseful novel reaffirms Mr. Boulle as an able and highly individualized artist.

Root

(For Jean)

By M. B. Thornton

I KEPT going home
because the sky was always
there,
and trees, and trouble
I could understand.
It has some root in me
to bloom me free,
as of the known world
growing old
where even death,
where even leaf
blown scattered,
know the tree
that stands so still,
its death and then its spring
can find it.

Italian Zest

"Nothing New Under the Sun," by Riccardo Bacchelli *(translated by Stuart Hood. Pantheon. 518 pp. $4.50), completes the "Mill on the Po" trilogy, with its account of the life of millers in the former Papal States from the unification of Italy to the First World War.*

By Serge Hughes

A GOOD number of readers today look to novels for some fundamental answers to life. Usually novelists have helped out. Enlightened handymen of the spirit, they have not shied away, when urged by necessity, from donning the robes of sociologists, poets, moralists, philosophers, efficiently going about the job of showing what is very clearly right or wrong in a situation and, if possible, doing something about it. As a result of their work, it appears that the human situation is invincibly complicated, a worrisome confirmation of the dramatist's doubts as to "what we may be."

The Italian novelist Riccardo Bacchelli belongs and yet does not belong to this group. He himself has quarried those few indispensable beliefs concerning life not from novels or, for that matter, from literature; and certainly he has formed himself with little assistance from contemporary writers. So removed is he from his contemporaries that within a hundred years or so, if the spirit of Geneva be propitious, it might be possible for some perceptive Italian graduate student to establish irrefutably that Riccardo Bacchelli could not possibly have written when it is claimed he did; that it is difficult to see how he could have been the contemporary of Moravia, Pavese, Ginsberg; that his style is unmistakably that of the last half of the nineteenth century; that his outlook on life, art, politics, and religion is a skilful, frequently successful attempt to perpetuate the legacy of Manzoni.

Something of this successful thesis will appeal to many readers here as well as in Italy. For good reasons. In a time in which fresco painting has not risen to dizzying heights and in which epics have been less molested perhaps than in any other age, the terms "fresco" and "epic" have been those most frequently used to convey the quality of Bacchelli's art. Some harassed readers contemplating the size of the trilogy "The Mill on the Po," of which "Nothing New Under the Sun" is the concluding part, and selecting tidbits where a full course was not possible, have felt reminiscences of "War and Peace." In general, therefore, the mood is of admiration lined with misgivings.

The plot of the story presents no difficulties, dealing principally with the story of the millers on the Po, stretching from 1870 to the First World War, and tracing the life of Cecilia Scacerni and her family down to the epilogue of the heroic death of one of her descendants in the stirring counteroffensive of the Piave. The poor, the middle class, and the wealthy landowners of Romagna, that region of Italy from which Mussolini understandably came, constitute undeniably interesting subject matter, all the more so since there are few Italian novels that give a fair notion of life in the Papal States in Italy soon after the unification. The style is clear, untrammeled. There is more than the feeling of expanse which is to be expected in a novel of this scale. There is also a fresh, restrained nostalgia, an exultant response to heroism, to the joyous struggle in which the self is ecstatically hurled aside.

WHERE are the difficulties? What about the psychological labyrinths, the unearthing of which has been the sign of the perceptive novelist from Proust to Mann? Not one labyrinth in 500 pages—it's offensive! In lieu of the customary spirals of analysis, there is here instead an unaffected piety of a very complicated nature which permeates pages with a robust serenity that is unnerving to modern sensitivities. There is place for neither smugness nor despair in Bacchelli. Only a sense of life, which is not a violent outburst or a quiet oozing away, but a purposeful movement, although not necessarily seen as such by men. Life is often dark, but there are slits in the curtain.

For a good number of readers such

(*Continued on page* 32)

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AMERICANA

Seedbeds of Revolution

Carl Bridenbaugh's "Cities in Revolt" *(Alfred A. Knopf. 434 pp. $7.50) and* ***"Cities in the Wilderness"*** *(Alfred A. Knopf. 514 pp. $6.75), are accounts of life in five major towns—Boston, Newport, New York, Philadelphia, and Charleston—in colonial times. Professor Richard B. Morris of Columbia University reviews them below.*

By Richard B. Morris

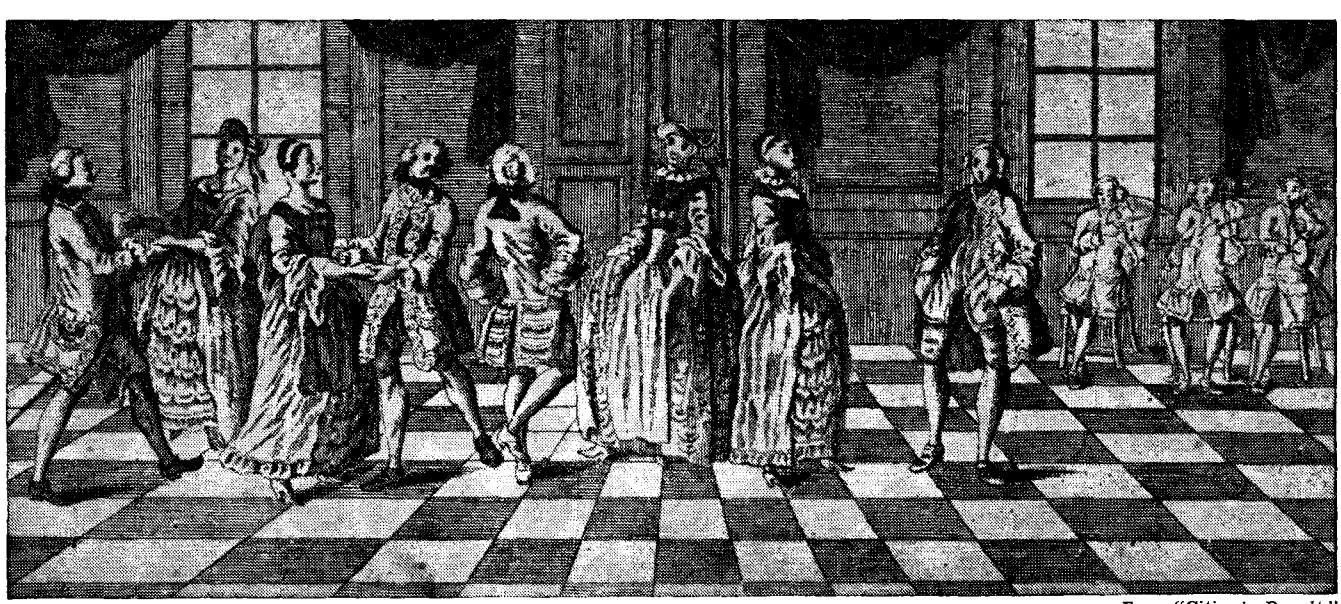
THE long-awaited sequel to "Cities in the Wilderness," Carl Bridenbaugh's pioneer study of urban life in America, has come along at last. "Cities in Revolt," together with its predecessor, furnishes an extraordinarily rich and perceptive synthesis of life in the five major towns—Boston, Newport, New York, Philadelphia, and Charleston—in the first century of colonial history and in the crucial years preceding the Revolution. The sequel reveals that same exceptional grasp of the social and intellectual life of the colonies and of the special problems and issues of colonial municipal government which stamped the earlier work as authoritative and even encyclopedic.

"Cities in Revolt" deals with more exciting times than its predecessor and spans a period which has been more thoroughly traversed by historians. The years about which Dr. Bridenbaugh writes are years of great hustle, bustle, and growth, in many ways comparable, even though on a diminutive scale, to urban expansion since World War II. Pre-revolutionary Americans were confronted with a number of the very same problems confronting us—with population pressures, soaring real-estate values, building booms, and suburban developments, with ever-expanding public services, with crime waves, and even hurricanes. The honking auto horn which jars the sensibilities of some contemporary city fathers had its counterpart in the clatter and clangor of town traffic, which Benjamin Franklin resented as "the whole Fraternity of Noise."

It is the thesis of "Cities in the Wilderness" that the early colonial towns looked eastward rather than westward, that they were the centers of the transit of civilization from the Old World to the New. But in the maturer society of the pre-Revolutionary period Dr. Bridenbaugh finds that the cities were the seedbeds for the spirit of revolt. Here he finds the older gentry in decline and in the process of being supplanted by a new middle class, with its passion for neatness, decency, and property values. Here he finds the beginnings of an urban proletariat and the rise of mobbism. Most colonial historians, notably Carl Becker and Arthur Schlesinger, Sr. have stressed the crucial role of the merchants and mechanics in the Revolutionary movement. Dr. Bridenbaugh goes further and insists that the Revolutionary movement was primarily urban. If this were true it might be hard to explain why New York and Philadelphia were strongholds of Loyalism or neutralism throughout the Revolution. If the mother country kept the cities in subordination to her interests, as the author quite properly points out, it must be remembered that she also subordinated the country as well. The Virginia planter was as hard hit by British policies as was the Newport smuggler.

THE author views the Revolution as a stark conflict between the gentry on the one hand and the middle and lower classes on the other. This is an oversimplification of a complex pattern, one which ignores that inner struggle for power among the Whigs themselves, between conservatives and radicals. The fact that the American Revolution was not a class war and that its leadership was upper class and moderate explains why it stopped short of a reign of terror and without extremists seizing power.

Scholars, if not the general reader, will regret that the author, because of limitations of space, was obliged to omit all footnotes and references, although copies of the notes are available at a number of libraries. It would have been instructive to have some of Dr. Bridenbaugh's generalizations buttressed by documentation. For example, we would need some impressive statistical data before we



—*From "Cities in Revolt."*

"... the early colonial towns were the centers of transit of civilization from the Old World to the New."

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could accept the assertion that this period was marked by an alarming increase in violent crimes as well as by a decline in sexual morality. Were these so-called trends out of line with the enormous population growth which marked pre-Revolutionary decades? Dr. Bridenbaugh speaks of some thirty-five years of hard times before the Revolution. His own story of impressive public works, handsome private edifices, and conspicuous spending hardly jibes with a long period of hard times. In fact, the city merchants in the war years enjoyed a lush prosperity based on profiteering, provisioning, and privateering.

The house of Alfred A. Knopf has made a new edition of "Cities in the Wilderness" (1938) available to supplement "Cities in Revolt."

Notes

THE LAST FIFTY YEARS: The progressive democratic impulses of the American people—sometimes latent, sometimes awakened—explain the course of the history of the United States over the last sixty years. This thesis is brilliantly expounded in **"American Epoch: A History of the United States Since the 1890's,"** by Arthur S. Link (Alfred A. Knopf, $7.95).

Mr. Link is among our younger historians; at thirty-five he is not only a professor of history at Northwestern University but he is also the author of two fine volumes on Woodrow Wilson. His comparative youth, however, is no measure of his grasp of historical writing, which is at once well-turned and incisive.

From the vantage point of mid-century Mr. Link looks at our broad development—political, economic, social, and cultural. He finds that our vast economic growth has created an oligopoly whose conservative influence has fought, on the whole, a losing battle for dominance on the political, social, and cultural fronts. This is due in large measure to the native force of the liberal progressive assumptions on which our society is based. These assumptions—economic opportunity for all, political egalitarianism, social leveling, to cite the most basic—have created a political and social climate that tempers the impact of economic royalism.

This precis of Mr. Link's approach to our history perhaps does not do justice to his more explicit statement of it. I hope, however, that it suggests the richly controversial history that Mr. Link writes.

His argument about the nature of

(*Continued on page* 31)

FEATHER TREATMENT was meted out to dozers during half-day New England Puritan sermons.

LINCOLN'S early rail-splitting gave him enduring nickname.

GERMANY'S *Hindenburg* was one of three dirigibles to burn here during Thirties.

HORACE MANN'S oratory jerked New England from its lethargy about education.

THE CASTLES restyled American ballroom dancing.

AIMEE McPHERSON, colorful West Coast evangelist, saved souls and "healed" the crippled.

OF THE MAKING of big picture albums about American history there is apparently no end. Best to date has been Roger Butterfield's 1947 "The American Past" (Simon & Schuster, $10). The other week the same publisher offered a new one, **"Pictorial History of America,"** prepared by the editors of *Year*, West Coast picture-book specialists (Simon & Schuster, $9.95). Butterfield began with the Revolution; the *Year* people start with the Age of Discovery. Their 2,500 pictures are smaller than Butterfield's 1,000, but these and the 200,000 words of text cover a wider range—peccadillos and fads as well as politics. Every member of the family will find it absorbing reading.

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NEEKEND FUN

Hornbooks for the Hunter

Autumn is the time of year full-grown and usually reasonable men get up before dawn and go forth to crouch in marshy and stalking a winged prey the like of which they could obtain at their neighborhood provisioner for a nominal sum. Like all weekend fun, the sport has its literature, which Thomas Caldecot Chubb surveys below. About the time these words see the light of print, Mr. Chubb will be enjoying himself crouching and stalking on Georgia land.

By Thomas Caldecot Chubb

ABOUT twenty-one years ago the late Edna St. Vincent Millay wrote a burin-incised poem entitled "October—An Etching," and in it she dwelt lovingly upon a place "where the woodcock his long bill forward in level flight propels." There, she wrote, referring to the marshy tussocks, "the small foot, if it be light as well, can pass dryshod to rising ground."

She went on:

Not so the boot of the hunter.
Chilly and black and half way to the knee
Is the thick water there, heavy wading,
Uneven to the step; there the more cautious ones,
Pausing for a moment, break their guns.
There the white setter ticked with black
Sets forth with silky feathers on the bird's track
And wet to his pink skin and half his size comes back.

The man whose sloshing forward is thus described would, of course, recognize certain minor inaccuracies—one does not usually speak of a bird's "track," nor do you have to be overly cautious to break your gun when there is danger of stumbling. But the fact remains that here is an unforgettable evocation.

Ernest Hemingway has also written with a classic touch about shooting. In his "Over the River and Into the Trees" there is a description of Colonel Robert Cantwell's skilful use of the shotgun in the shoal waters that fringe the Adriatic shore between Trieste and Venice; and whatever one may think of the novel (I like it) anyone who has ever crouched in a blind and waited for the whistle of wings almost like a low-flying jet cannot help being stirred by its lucid and accurate portrayals. They conjure up the start two hours before daybreak: the dog "who shivered and shifted at the sound of ducks that passed in the darkness overhead"; the surly and laconic boatman; the "ice new frozen during the sudden, windless cold of the night" that "was rubbery and bending against thrust of the oar" but broke "as sharply as a pane of glass"; the "oaken-staved hogshead sunk in the bottom of the lagoon" in which Colonel Cantwell lay concealed; and finally, when it had grown lighter and "the shooter could see the low line of the near point," the precision of the embittered man's marksmanship as two ducks came dropping down, "the wings set to brake."

"It was a lovely double"—thus the mood is pinned down—"shot exactly as he should have shot, with complete consideration and respect for the position of the boat, and he felt very good as he reloaded."

I lay stress upon the poem and the novel because distinguished writing about this kind of outdoor activity is exceedingly rare. Last spring in these pages [*SR* Apr. 16] I discussed the literature of sailing and pointed out that among books about life on the bounding main there were many competent jobs and a few classics. I do not find a similar rich treasury dealing with the hunter either before or after he comes home from the hill.

THERE are, of course, some writings that are not without merit.

Henry William Herbert, who about a century ago wrote under the name of Frank Forester, is still read and collected, and that would indicate a certain amount of quality and substance.

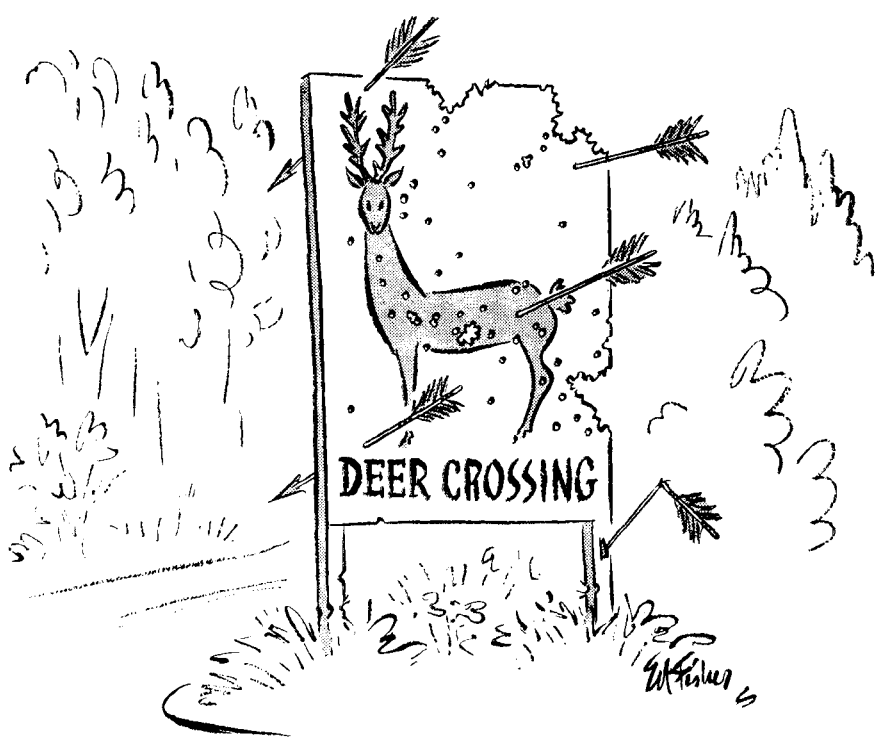
Nash Buckingham, who still flourishes (see below), has delighted pretty nearly a generation with his inimitable "The Shootinest Gent'man."

The late John Taintor Foote has pleased many.

Vereen Bell, whose untimely death in World War II deprived Georgia of a promising young writer, and whose "Swamp Water" under another and Hollywood title has been seen by thousands, set down in "Two of a Kind" a bird dog story that was good writing as well as good reading.

Nor do the essays of Archibald Rut-

(*Continued on page* 28)



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Eight Ways to Become an Authoress

THE WHOLE country, it seems, is alive with young things who would like nothing better than to turn themselves into real live lady authors. Such an achievement does not appear to be very difficult these days. On this and the next page appear photographs of eight ladies who have just accomplished it, only a fraction of this season's crop. Their backgrounds and qualifications are various. One started out unpromisingly as a spoiled young heiress, another as a well-to-do but lonely girl, another as a model, still another as a housewife. With adventures that range from an adolescent love affair to jungle exploits, with a modicum of talent and sometimes the assistance of a literary ghost, they have each written their book. Though the combined results will probably not engage the attention of literary historians for long, there is little doubt that many of their works will sell well. For, as publishers learned long ago, nobody loves a lady author better than a lady reader, and it is the lady reader who buys far more books than does her male counterpart.

MICHAELA DENIS, the young lady who wrote **"Leopard in My Lap"** (Messner, $4.95) and then actually posed with one of them in her lap (above) to prove that it could be done, is a former fashion designer who had no thought of writing a book until she met Armand Denis, an explorer and jungle photographer, at a New York cocktail party. She promptly married him and set off for the deeper reaches of Africa, South America, and Central Australia. Now in 250-odd pages of pleasant reminiscence Mrs. Denis has set down not only her life among the leopards but also her life among the duck-billed women of Africa (of whom, she tells her lady readers, only a few aged examples now exist), among the husband-eating women of the Congo, and among several other interesting tribes of primitive peoples. Currently the top best seller in England—a success for which by no means the least credit goes to the picture of Mrs. Denis cuddling her leopard—the book will also be published in France, Holland, and Norway, and, to titillate the readers of any future books which she may write (as well as to prove that she is serious about her work), she has added a postscript to her book. "When this book goes to press," she writes, "we leave again on our travels. Our aim, once more, will be to return with living records of people still beyond the frontiers of what we are pleased to call civilization, and of the wild creatures which inhabit the jungles and grasslands, the mountains and seas of this inexhaustible world of ours. To this Armand and I seem to have dedicated our lives. . . ."

JANE DOLINGER headed for the Amazon jungles with her man after she had answered his newspaper ad for an all-around Girl Friday to help him out with an anthropological expedition. There the former Miss Dolinger sighted pink flamingos in flight, saw her quota of yellow-eyed crocodiles, managed to stay clear of some twenty-five-foot anacondas, and in studious moments was even moved to make some comparisons between the jungle savages and the people back home. "I have never seen," she writes in her book **"The Jungle Was a Woman"** (Regnery, $3.95), "a jungle savage who had heart trouble or ulcers, or one who needed a psychiatrist. I have never seen a jungle savage who was frustrated or unhappy." Armed with this rationale, Miss Dolinger managed to survive several harrowing experiences in the jungle and to return from it happily in love with her boss, explorer-writer Ken Krippene, whom she promptly married in order to make the best possible ending of it all for herself as well as for the readers of her book.

—Milton H. Greene.

GLORIA VANDERBILT, who was born with a silver spoon in her mouth, is a sometime painter, a sometime actress (she played a bit part in a New York City Center production last winter and toured summer theatres in "Picnic" recently), and a sometime socialite. Now, having separated from Leopold Stokowski, the sixty-eight-year-old symphony orchestra conductor, the new Miss Vanderbilt is also a sometime writer, having produced a slim volume called **"Love Poems"** (World Publishing Co., $2.50), the contents of which have received as much notice in the social columns as in the literary pages. Childishly conceived, the poems are full of artificial thoughts and artificial lapses. Nearest to the truth perhaps is one entitled "Fairy Tale," a poem which, in its unpunctuated entirety, reads as follows:

There once was a child
living every day
expecting tomorrow
to be different from today

—Phyllis Cerf.

CAROL GRACE, friend of sometime poet Gloria Vanderbilt, and twice the wife of playwright William Saroyan (and twice divorced from him), has, like her friend, also written a thin volume, a novel called **"The Secret in the**

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Daisy" (Random House, $2.75). With a little adolescent insight and with apparently little else except a certain wistfulness which is amply illustrated by her publicity pictures, Miss Grace has produced a tale of a young girl whose mother clearly does not love her and who struggles, while in the throes of a love affair, to resolve this dilemma. Even more revealing of Miss Grace's writing technique (and of her own attitude toward it) than is her novel is the autobiographical note she has written for its dust jacket. "All my life," she confesses, "I have been preoccupied with the problem of not permitting myself to settle down into the comfort and convenience of being nobody, which has always scared me, and still does. That is the reason I have always been interested in the two means by which anybody may try to be somebody, writing and acting. . . . I have just written a play and the best part in it is for me."

GLADYS TABER, a lady whose economic success as a writer is based largely on her ability to combine homespun observations with a certain amount of literacy for such magazines as *Ladies' Home Journal,* decided to compile everything from her favorite recipes to a year's supply of her personal correspondence in a book called **"Stillmeadow Daybook"** (Lippincott, $3.95). Taking her cue from a Katherine Mansfield quote to the effect that life should be "a steady, visible light," Mrs. Taber has even managed to get off a jibe or two at her own sources of bread and butter. Indignantly she tells her readers that the "Test Your Mate" questionnaires commonly found in the ladies' magazines are not to be trusted (altogether, that is) and that she herself, if asked, feels that "marriage is a pretty individual affair and I doubt whether it can be push-buttoned successfully." To make such forthright statements more palatable, however, Mrs. Taber also tosses in a heaping measure of rustic anecdotes and some descriptions of family celebrations on national holidays and, just to keep her whole book well within the glare of the "steadiest, most visible light," some quotable nonsense from that most eminent writer for ladies' magazines, Faith Baldwin.

PATI HILL, a girl who has spent a good part of her life as a Powers model—a job at which she is shown working in the photo released by her publishers—has written a book which, unlike the picture, is not at all cold or elegant. The book, **"The Pit and the Century Plant"** (Harper, $3.50), is the story of that part of Miss Hill's life which took place after she had traded in her expensive gowns (for reasons not entirely clear), after she had donned ordinary blue jeans in order to seclude herself on an old farm in the French provinces, and after she rusticated to her heart's content by the springy grasses and the rippling waters which she says she found in her chosen part of France. Though it is abundantly clear from her story that Miss Hill never made much of a dent in the affections of her provincial neighbors, it is also clear from her story that she gained some understanding of the philosophies by which men live and that—though she never troubles to concern herself with such things as a narrative plot—she is able to write in little vignettes of pastoral philosophies, of French (and a few German and Italian) farmhands, and of the granite-like Madame Jourmard who dominated the other side of Miss Hill's provincial road. All this she manages with warmth and sentiment and even at times a lyricism which suits her subject well.

THYRA FERRE BJORN stoutly maintains that her book, **"Papa's Wife"** (Rinehart, $3.75), is fiction, even though she admits that it is fiction based on fact. But no matter what it is based on, Mrs. Bjorn has managed to set down a story which is strongly reminiscent of a past best seller named "I Remember Mama"—a best seller which managed to end up on the stage, in the movies, and as the basis for one of the longest-running serials in the history of television. Obviously, therefore, "I Remember Mama" was a good book for Mrs. Bjorn to base things on, too. The Bjorn version of "I Remember Mama" centers about a Swedish maid named Maria who manages to marry her employer, bears eight children to him, and then, in order to get a free education for all of them, persuades their father to come to America. In the end Maria is on the way to becoming the president of the local women's club in a New England village and, almost as patly as things are always happening to her, the golden haze of spiritual light shines through her chronicle, into Papa's nostalgic heart and, so the publishers are hoping, into the hearts of all who will read Mrs. Bjorn's story.

—Burt Glinn.

CHARLOTTE PAUL, an experienced newspaper and magazine reporter (and, like so many of her readers, a housewife), went off with her husband to a place called Snoqualmie, Washington, to start up a little country weekly newspaper and, in so doing, had quite a few encounters. Among the more exciting for Mrs. Paul were these: a girl on her newsbeat who married her (the girl's) brother and then settled down with the husband-brother and with their mutual mother-in-law; an irate redhead who put a bullet through Mr. Paul's office window because he, Mr. Paul, hadn't handled her flying-saucer story the way the redhead would have liked it to be handled; two heart attacks in rapid succession on the part of Mr. Paul. Being an experienced reporter, Mrs. Paul decided to share these and other interesting experiences not only with her local newspaper readers but also with the readers of this sort of thing in the nation at-large, and the result is a book called **"Minding Our Business,"** a highly chatty version of these small-town doings which has recently been published by Random House at $3.95.

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The Twenty-Second Amendment

THERE are encouraging signs that we Americans are beginning to regain confidence in ourselves. One such sign is the lessened influence of Senator McCarthy, who sought to pit citizen against citizen and to plant the seeds of mutual distrust in the minds of all. Another sign is the growing inclination to listen once again respectfully to people with dissident ideas rather than to assume that any divergence from the popular stream of thought implies subversion. Another sign is the wholehearted acclaim of Eisenhower's success in the talks at Geneva. Not only have no prominent Democrats raised the cry that he was "taken" by the Russians or that he probably secretly sold America down the river but, what is even more interesting, no Republicans have done so either—except, of course, Senator McCarthy. Now that an illness has suddenly removed the President from the direction of affairs for an indefinite period, we'll have an unwanted opportunity to see to what extent these developments were due to his own personal calm and common sense.

It may well be that history will not record the few dark years through which we have just passed as a recurrence of Know-Nothingism or Ku Klux Klanism or even McCarthyism. Instead they may be labeled as the brief period when Americans seemed to have lost confidence in themselves. Fortunately, that period seems to be over, and once again we seem to have faith in our leaders, both Democratic and Republican. And faith in the man next door and even on the other side of town.

With this restoration of faith in ourselves and our fellow citizens, it seems like an opportune moment to re-examine the merits of the Twenty-second Amendment to the Constitution. This Amendment, which prohibits more than two terms in the Presidency, seemed to many to be still another manifestation of the loss of faith in ourselves which characterized the period in which it was passed and the few years thereafter. Many felt that in passing that law we were saying in effect that we were no longer willing to trust the generations which came after us to make up their own minds as to whether they wanted a man to serve as President for four years or eight years or twelve years; that we were saying that we were going to make it as hard as possible for our grandchildren to have what they wanted for President—unless they wanted "two terms and out."

But perhaps, with the return of a calmer and more thoughtful climate, this matter can be re-examined. The decision may be right, but it brings up new problems which need calm thought. One question it raises, of course, is what will happen to party unity during the second term of any President's Administration. Once the possibility that he might succeed himself for a third term is over what will be the extent of the incumbent's influence on members of his own party and particularly those members who are themselves aspirants to succeed him?

Let's take the case of President Eisenhower. He has had very tenuous support from much of his own party even during his first term. But in the face of an incipient rebellion he could always confront the dissident members of his own party with the hard political fact that he could decide to run again, might very well be elected, and might very well be in a position to make life a little difficult for die-hard rebels.

If a liberal Republican should be elected to the Presidency in 1956, and if many of the Republican Senators whose terms expire then also run in 1956 and also are elected, one shudders to think what will happen to any semblance of unity in the Republican Party during the four ensuing years. The day after the President was laid low by a coronary thrombosis—which raises the question whether he can run again—a situation analogous to the end of a second term was created. Almost before anyone learned the extent of Eisenhower's attack speculation centered on the man—any man—that the Republicans might run successfully in the next election; the broad policies of the last three years were quite forgotten in concern over a new, winning standard-bearer for 1956.

SOME unity of purpose and action on the part of the party in power is a necessity. By that I don't mean that the Republicans must inevitably vote for all Republican measures and Democrats for all Democratic measures. But there must nevertheless be a cohesion in the party in power which permits it to govern. When every Republican aspirant to office knows that he can flout the Chief Executive on every issue that he thinks will build up his own convention strength in 1960 (or 1956), and when every Democratic politician has uppermost in his mind the importance of knocking down all Republican aspirants, we may indeed see second-term chaos.

In short, the threat of another term seems to many to be a healthy urge toward that kind of party solidarity which makes for effective government. Its removal may well insure a long succession of futile second terms whether they be under Republican or Democratic Presidents.

The Twenty-Second Amendment may after debate still seem wise. But many feel it was passed partly because we had lost confidence in ourselves, partly out of fear that future generations' freedom of action must be restricted for their own good, and perhaps partly out of pique against a dead President. Its potential evils never seemed to be appropriately debated. Perhaps we're coming into a period when they can be.

—E. R.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

EDITOR'S NOTE: *To stem the controversy about Rudolf Flesch's "Why Johnny Can't Read" [SR July 30] Kathleen S. Pichinell of Abington, Pennsylvania, suggests a classical solution. The following passage—published in 1836—she excerpted from "Mr. Midshipman Easy," by the English sailor-novelist Frederick Marryat (1792-1848).*

"DO YOU know why you are sent to school?" asked the formidable pedagogue.

"For scalding father," answered the spoiled lad.

"No; you are sent to learn to read and write."

"But I won't read and write," replied Jack sulkily.

"Yes, you will; and you are going to read your letters now directly."

Jack made no answer. Mr. Bonnycastle opened a sort of bookcase and displayed to John's astonished view a series of canes, ranged up and down like billiard cues, and continued.

"Do you know what those are for? They are to teach little boys to read and write, and now I am going to teach you. You'll soon learn. Look now here," continued Mr. Bonnycastle opening a book with large type. "Do you see that letter?"

"Yes," replied Johnny, turning his eyes away, and picking his fingers.

"Well, that is the letter B. Do you see it? Look at it, so that you may know it again. That's the letter B. Now tell me what letter that is."

Jack now determined to resist, so he made no answer.

"So you cannot tell; then we will try what one of these little fellows will do," said Mr. Bonnycastle, taking down a cane. "Observe, Johnny, that's the letter B. Now, what letter is that? Answer me directly."

"I won't learn to read and write."

Whack came the cane on Johnny's shoulders, who burst out into a roar as he writhed with pain.

Mr. Bonnycastle waited a few seconds. "That's the letter B. Now tell me, sir, directly, what that letter is."

"I'll tell my *mar.*" Whack! *"O law!* O law!"

"What letter is that?"

Johnny, with his mouth open, panting, and the tears on his cheeks, answered indignantly, "Stop till I tell Sarah."

Whack came the cane again, and a fresh burst from Johnny.

"What letter's that?"

"I won't tell," roared Johnny. "I won't tell—that I won't."

Whack—whack—whack, and a pause. "I told you before that's the letter B. What letter is that? Tell me directly."

Johnny, by way of reply, made a snatch at the cane. Whack—he caught it, certainly, but not exactly as he would have wished. Johnny then snatched up the book, and dashed it to the corner of the room. Whack, whack. Johnny attempted to seize Mr. Bonnycastle with his teeth. Whack, whack, whack, whack; and Johnny fell on the carpet, and roared with pain. Mr. Bonnycastle then left him for a little while, to recover himself, and sat down.

At last Johnny's exclamation settled down in deep sobs, and then Mr. Bonnycastle said to him, "Now, Johnny, you perceive that you must do as you are bid, or else you will have more beating. Get up immediately. Do you hear, sir?"

Somehow or another Johnny, without intending it, stood upon his feet.

"That's a good boy; now you see, by getting up as you were bid, you have not been beaten. Now, Johnny, you must go and bring the book from where you threw it down. Do you hear, sir? Bring it directly!"

Johnny looked at Mr. Bonnycastle and the cane. With every intention to refuse Johnny picked up the book and laid it on the table.

"That's a good boy; now we will find the letter B. Here it is; now, Johnny, tell me what that letter is?"

Johnny made no answer.

"Tell me directly, sir," said Mr. Bonnycastle, raising his cane up in the air. The appeal was too powerful. Johnny eyed the cane; it moved, it was coming. Breathlessly he shrieked out, "B!"

—From "Mr. Midshipman Easy."

"Johnny Roared with Pain."

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"And another thing, Mr. Clemens, I want you to stop these feeble attempts at humor you have been sneaking into your copy."

SUTTON'S SWELL

HEARTY congratulations on the exceptionally fine, humanistic "Leave It to the People" [*SR* Sept. 17], by Horace Sutton. He should have had the first word instead of the last.

ELLIS O. JONES.

Washington, D. C.

COLOSSUS NOT AT EASE

A POPULAR MISCONCEPTION, repeated by Horace Sutton in "Wonder Bar" [*SR* Sept. 10], is that the Colossus of Rhodes "straddled" the harbor of that island, with ships sailing between his legs. In the words of the late Richard Halliburton: "No ancient Greek sculptor would have dared make any statue of a god in such an undignified pose. Helios's feet, we can be sure, stood firmly together on the stone pedestal."

HENRY EBEL.

New York, N. Y.

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Applied Chekhov

TOWYN, WALES.

AUDIENCES at "A Day by the Sea" are apt to have the pleasant sensation that they are seeing a new play by Chekhov, mixed with the disquieting knowledge that they are not. As in Chekhov, there are in this play practically none of what are normally regarded as the vital attributes of drama. The scenes do not seem to be dictated by the demands of a story, no problems are resolved, and no moral is pointed. Also as in Chekhov, the setting is in a removed estate inhabited by remnants of an aristocracy who are unable to cope with the changing ways of modern life. The cast is peopled with failures: an alcoholic doctor who has become a male nurse for an octogenarian; a too-serious diplomat who has missed out on the goodness of life in an intense effort to achieve promotions that he will never get; his mother, who has no capacity for understanding her son's plight; a girl who has made two meaningless marriages; and an old-maid governess who is fated to go through life always with other people's families and never with one of her own. And the dialogue is marked with Chekhovian "irrelevancies" and with pauses that have the rich silence of a sea-shell.

All of these qualities have earned "A Day by the Sea's" author, N. C. Hunter, the epithet of "pseudo-Chekhov." As derogatory as such a description may be, Mr. Hunter, when interviewed in his Welsh farm retreat, seems to have learned to live with it. "I must admit," says the slim forty-six-year-old playwright, "there's a great deal of truth in it. Anything I know about writing I've learned from Chekhov. While I'm dealing with a different society, I don't agree with those people who tell me English characters are not Chekhov. I find many people in everyday British life who are Chekhov characters. Also, I believe the relics of Chekhov's society still exist in 1955 by virtue of the fact that people can no longer leave their children large sums of money. Thus, the present generation of a rich family is unprepared to face the life it must."

Mr. Hunter admits to important differences. "I think," he says, "that perhaps the English have a more facile resignation for fitting into an uncongenial life than most people. They are also more concerned with respectability. Since I'm English myself I have tended to avoid the tragic. There is a lot of tragic drama that takes place in Chekhov which is glossed over: death, suicide, etc. Eventually I hope to write about such events."

Nationality and upbringing have also led Mr. Hunter to find solutions for his characters. Yet he does not make these things explicit in the script because he believes, as did Chekhov, in subtracting himself from the play. However, he has discovered a Chekhovian way out of his dilemma. Just as Chekhov in "The Cherry Orchard" put some of his own ideas in the mouth of Trofimov, and then had the other characters refuse to take him seriously, so has Mr. Hunter put some of his optimistic hopes in a speech made by Julian, which the other characters discount.

A DEVICE, which appears both in his earlier success "Waters of the Moon" and in "A Day by the Sea," that Mr. Hunter feels slightly ashamed of, although Chekhov used it in "The Three Sisters," is the inclusion of a character who acts as sort of a witty chorus. "It's all right as long as it isn't obvious that the character's doing that. I've made them a little too clever." Mr. Hunter also believes that his comedy is sometimes too deliberate, and nothing worries him more than having written a funny line.

Mr. Hunter began his career as a writer of quick artificial comedies, the first of which, "All Rights Reserved," was produced in London twenty years ago. However, it wasn't until four years ago with "Waters of the Moon" that he felt he had written something that meant anything. "To begin with," he recalls, "one is ambitious and full of hopes. But at about the age of forty it became obvious that my capacities were limited. I could do just so much and no more. Before 'Waters of the Moon' at the age of forty-two I was in the position of being a very unsuccessful writer indeed. Perhaps that is why failure haunts me as a subject."

Whatever unhappiness is in his plays doesn't seem reflected in his personal life. His plays are sought by England's and America's very best actors, and he is free to write only what he himself respects. Critics may say he is "not as good as Chekhov," but, come to think of it, who is?

—HENRY HEWES.

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The Lesson of the Festivals

EDITOR'S NOTE: *This year Arthur Knight was asked to be a member of the nine-man jury of the Sixteenth International Festival of Cinematographic Arts at Venice; he is the first American to serve on one of these boards.*

VENICE, ITALY.

THE ANNUAL summer spate of European film festivals has finally come to an end for 1955. And once again, while Hollywood is gloating over its numerous awards and medals, the serious observer is concerned about the face of America presented at these shows. For film festivals, quite apart from being by all odds the most popular tourist bait on the European travel scene, have become recognized in recent years as a sort of international shop-window. From Cannes in May to Venice and Edinburgh in September the nations on both sides of the Iron Curtain offer their cinematic wares to the world at large—or at least to that considerable percentage of world travelers who can be lured out of the art galleries and the cathedrals by the promise of glamorous stars and exotic films. Many of the nations, and particularly the totalitarian ones, have rightly seized upon these expositions as an opportunity for some solid public-relations work. The Russians, for example, submitted to Venice this year a delicious, subtle adaptation of a Chekhov comedy, a sumptuous film version of "Boris Gudonov," and a routine propaganda piece depicting the "liberation" of Latvia by the Soviet army, thus intermingling art and politics in one balanced package. The American package at Venice, unfortunately, was neither artistically nor politically advantageous to us.

Actually, Venice and the affair of Mrs. Luce *vs.* "Blackboard Jungle" served merely to spotlight a situation that had caused Americans abroad during this past summer a profound uneasiness. Unquestionably an American on the Continent is a bit more on the defensive about his own country, its institutions, its blackspots, than he would be at home. The dozen or so films that one might see in the course of a year that look critically upon some aspect of our society we can accept and even applaud in the company of fellow citizens. Those same films, however, singled out in the intense glare of a well-publicized film festival, become something else again. At the same time, it is also true that a picture in crossing the Atlantic suffers a kind of sea-change. The standards, the values that the Europeans bring to a movie are often radically different from our own, and their reactions to our seemingly harmless entertainments can be bewilderingly perverse. When John Ford's pleasantly sentimental apostrophe to West Point's Marty Maher, "The Long Gray Line," was offered as the first film at the Locarno Festival it was roundly criticized by the audience as a glorification of our Army, an example of rampant American militarism. By some supreme insensitivity, "Strategic Air Command" was our big feature at the Berlin Festival. The distributors undoubtedly thought of it as a fine opportunity to dazzle their East Zone neighbors with the wonders of VistaVision, but the East German press seized upon this presentation as a perfect pretext to let loose another barrage of "American warmonger" propaganda.

IT WAS this capricious, thoughtless selection of films that Mrs. Luce was protesting as much as "Blackboard Jungle" itself in her action at Venice. "Why," she asked, "should American companies send over this kind of picture, and what can be done to get better ones?" She knew very well that her stand would be criticized, that it would be unpopular in many quarters both at home and abroad. But she also knew that it would focus attention upon a situation that has steadily worsened. For the past six years the United States has been represented at Venice by films that persistently portray the less savory aspects of American life. Some of these—"On the Waterfront," "Streetcar Named Desire," "The Asphalt Jungle"—can seriously claim artistic justification. They were fine films; they deserved to be included in a festival of cinematic art. But many others—such as "Caged," "Pickup on South Street" and, this year, "The Kentuckian"—have no such pretensions. And each year the international press which swarms about the festival has had a field day criticizing the American entries for their unbridled violence and naked sadism. It is a safe bet that the very journalists who attacked Mrs. Luce most savagely for having "Blackboard Jungle" removed from this year's list would have been

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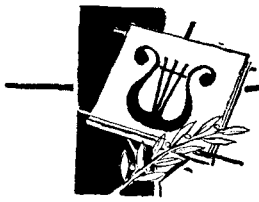
equally savage in their attack on America as revealed through "Blackboard Jungle."

Why, then, do the American studios send over such films? Has there been nothing better this year than "Blackboard Jungle," "The Kentuckian," "To Catch a Thief," and "The Big Knife"? No small part of the answer, at least in the case of the Venice festival, traces right back to dollars and cents. Since the festival operates officially under the Italian Government, the festival people are in a position to offer a free import license to those pictures shown at Venice. As one Motion Picture Export Association official explained to me, this can mean as much as three or four extra hundred thousand dollars in the earnings of a hit picture in Italy, a factor that obviously looms larger in the minds of the producers than any gold statuette—or even, it would seem, the international prestige of the United States itself. Admittedly, not every film can be entered at Venice. Two "official" films are submitted by our own Motion Picture Association, while the festival itself has the right to two *invitati*, two films selected from a list drawn up by the festival authorities. But the savage, sadistic, and artistically inept "Kentuckian" was virtually forced into the Venice festival by the MPA while, according to Signore Croze, the festival's urbane director, "Blackboard Jungle" was selected by M-G-M over "Interrupted Melody" from the list of invited pictures. Obviously, Mrs. Luce's action pointed up the need for some stronger, more public-spirited *pre-selection.*

The method of the Motion Picture Association's selection of films for the European festivals has always been and remains a secret. This year, however, the Selznick Golden Laurel Award, presented annually at Edinburgh to the foreign film that has done most for international understanding, was handled in a manner that might well be considered by our own motion-picture industry as a pattern for future festival selections. To assure the artistic merit of the films the first choice was made by a panel of professional critics. From the half-dozen or so pictures that the critics recommended an outstanding citizen committee made the final, prizewinning decision.

But, whatever the plan, something must be done to get our best pictures to the European festivals. The festivals want them, the Europeans love them. And every time we send less than our best, every time we send the cheap, the sensational, the money-grubbing, we risk losing the esteem of hundreds of thousands of Europeans. —Arthur Knight.



MUSIC TO MY EARS

A Doll, a Bird, and a Tenor

"Coppelia" is a ballet which has been seen with increasing frequency during the last dozen years in this country, but it is doubtful that there has been in that time a production to compare with the one recently shown at the Metropolitan by the Sadler's Wells Ballet. It is not surpassingly lavish, nor is it laden with star names, but it has been handsomely set by Osbert Lancaster, the leading roles are in the hands of such capable people as Nadia Nerina (or Anya Linden), David Blair, and John Hart (or Leslie Edwards), and the watchful eye of Ninette de Valois has left few opportunities in the Delibes's score unimproved.

Prevailingly—and this is its greatest charm—this "Coppelia" is a youthful dazzler, not alone in the frolicsome, feather-light Swanilda danced by Miss Nerina, but also in its handsome Franz and even its Coppelius, the substantial Hart. As for Swanilda's friends, the group of peasant dancers and those who perform the specialties along the way are all from the up-and-coming echelon of the company. That is to say, they are good-looking and well trained. Is there more one can ask of an ensemble?

This would all be but the beginning of quality had not Miss Nerina pitched the spirit as high as she did with her first entrance, and kept it on the wing through the acts that followed. In addition to the technical certainty she showed in her Aurora of the week before, Miss Nerina has the *soubrette* manner lightly in hand. Occasionally she woos her viewers a bit too ardently, but the total effect is persuasive. Mischievous, fervent, spirited by turns, she never left any doubt of her complete capacity to be either doll or damsel, nor her pleasure in so being.

As for Blair's Franz, it is the most accomplished characterization this fine young dancer has done here. Good-looking, neatly built, and with a lively manner, he led the ensembles with authority, danced his solos expertly, and partnered Nerina in a way to promise much for the future. Hart's Coppelius was also adroitly done. In an alternate cast, Linden flowed lightly through the choreography of Swanilda (she is less experienced than Nerina, and showed it), giving her own ingratiating accent to the part, as Edwards did in his imaginative, crotchety Franz. On all occasions the musical direction of Anatole Fistoulari was vital and well informed, putting the command post where it should be—at the conductor's desk.

The revival of "Firebird" with Margot Fonteyn, Michael Somes, and Svetlana Beriosova sharing the principal roles offered little to justify the "controversy" generated in England by this production but much to point an historic lesson. Utilizing designs of Gontcharova and a reasonable likeness of Fokine's original choreography, it left one aware of one fundamental fact: Stravinsky's music is so much more durable than any other element of "Firebird" as to make them encumbrances rather than additions to its effect.

For a ballerina of Miss Fonteyn's qualities "Firebird" offers but a superficial challenge. She fluttered menacingly and executed her evolutions with ease, but little characterization is possible. In other parts Beriosova was an attractive Princess, Somes an appealing Prince, and Frederick Ashton a diabolic Katschei.

Taken together with other "Firebird" productions seen here recently (with Baronova and Tallchief) one would have to say that the kind of pageantry and theatrical effect which made the work striking pre-World War I has been engulfed by theatrical and cinematic developments since. What remains durable, after all, is the one thing no ballet performance can aggrandize—the glowing, evocative score of Stravinsky. It was rather poorly played by the undersized ensemble, directed with a rigorous, leaden hand by R. Irving. In addition to another tepid novelty, "Rinaldo and Armida," with a disappointing score by Malcolm Arnold, recent days included several superior performances of "Lac du Cygne," with the peerless Fonteyn and the admirable Grey. Rowena Jackson also danced the Odette-Odile lead commendably.

Jussi Bjoerling's return to local activity in a Carnegie Hall recital

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(after an absence of something more than a year) was a happy augury for things operatic this winter. This may sound like an inverted reckoning of his prowess as a recitalist, but the salient fact was that Bjoerling was in hearty voice and spirits, singing effortlessly and sometimes with distinction a program that ranged from Beethoven's "Adelaide" to Sibelius's "Svarta rosa," with a liberal sprinkling of operatic arias. As he is down for substantial duty at the Met this winter we hope he is provided with all needed antidotes to unwelcome bugs.

One knows well what Bjoerling can do with the "Flower Song" from "Carmen" or "Il mio tesoro" (in the latter instance not too much), but there was something to be learned from what he did with Strauss's "Traum durch die Dämmerung" and "Caecilie." Allowing for a difference in vocal weight, there were moments in his fervent performances of the Strauss songs when he sounded like a junior Melchior. There is, perhaps, no real reason why a singer who can make a handsome living as Manrico and Faust, Rodolfo and Don Carlo (not to mention Faust and Manrico, Don Carlo and Rodolfo) should burden himself with Lohengrin or Walther von Stolzing. But is it too much to hope that before he ends his still flourishing career Bjoerling may oblige us by showing how a real lyric Wagner tenor might sound? Despite the early date in the season Bjoerling had a hall full of listeners who provided a steady drumfire of applause before, during, and after each of his groups. Frederick Schauwecker played the accompaniments.

—Irving Kolodin.

Son of the Prairie

By Edna L. S. Barker

THE voyager, trader, pioneer have past,
Like the fat buffalo, the prairie hen,
Passenger pigeons countless as the clouds.
This was the Indian's country. He is not here
And yet as night draws down there seems to ride
Out of the dusk a solitary scout,
Bronze dark, alert, symbol of prairie tribes;
The last light falls across him and his pony
And a sharp wind frets at the eagle feather
Fixed pendent on his tall lance.

Weekend Fun

Continued from page 19

ledge of South Carolina lack either penetration or charm.

But none of these writers has the stature of a Melville or a Conrad, nor could anybody assemble an anthology of shooting poems like W. W. Williamson's "The Eternal Sea." There is nothing—to go into another, but more closely related field—to compare with John Masefield's English countryside fox-hunting classic "Reynard the Fox."

WHEN it comes to "practical" books it is, however, another matter, and it would be rash indeed to state that there were not as many or more volumes on how to come back with a full bag or to educate a bird dog or to replenish the nation's dwindling game supply than on how to set a spinnaker or to come up alongside a dock.

The first of them were written in the dim days of distant antiquity. There is, for example, a Chinese treatise on falconry by one Wei Yen Chin who lived between 518 and 617 A.D. More recently Iberian King Sancho El Satio wrote "Los Paramentos de la Caza" in 1180. The Emperor Frederick II—he at whose court, according to Dante, Italian poetry was born—was author of "De arte venandi cum avibus" in the 1200s. (For the record, bird hunting was mainly done with either nets or falcons until the invention of a practical breech-loader in the early nineteenth century.) I myself owr a pleasant little volume entitled "The Shooter's Companion; Comprising Directions for the Breeding, Training, & Management of Setters & Pointers; a Description of Winged Game & Wild Fowl; the Best Means of Making Percussion Powder; the Game Laws familiarly explained and illustrated; the Art of Shooting Flying, etc." It was published in London in 1823. Much of it is still helpful today.

It is not pertinent—nor would it be feasible—to discuss this immense library, although dealing with a modern "old" book only I cannot resist saying that it is hard to imagine a lover of the field who does not own the monumental **"The Hunter's Encyclopedia,"** edited by Raymond R. Camp (Stackpole, $17.50). It is a bible whether you seek grizzly bear or bobwhite.

But when it comes to recent books it is another matter. Before me I have eight, all published in 1954 or 1955: **"Small Game Hunting,"** by Francis E. Sell (Stackpole, $5); **"Hunting Whitetails,"** by Frank C. Edminster (Morrow, $3.75); **"The Hunter's Handbook,"** by Ted Trueblood (Crowell, $3.95); **"The New Official Gun Book, 1955-1956,"** edited by Charles R. Jacobs (Crown, $2.50); **"Point,"** by Horace Lytle (Stackpole, $5); **"Duck Decoys,"** by Ralf Coykendall (Holt, $5); **"Waterfowl Shooting,"** by Walter R. Labinsky (Greenberg, $4.50); **"National Field Trial Champions,"** by William F. Brown and Nash Buckingham (Stackpole, $12.50). With one exception they conform to the expected pattern—considerable specialized appeal; little permanent value; small literary merit or skill.

"The New Official Gun Book" is, for example, a must for anyone who contemplates buying a gun, although its emphasis upon American firearms and its reluctance to accept the trend to smaller bore (410 or 28 gauge as against 12 or 20 gauge) subtracts from its value. Coykendall's "Duck Decoys" is immensely useful. Horace Lytle—may he always prosper, for he awarded my pointer, Springwood Spider, the first field trial prize I ever won!—has written a sportsman's autobiography, which, if it lacks depth, is at least a good documentary. Ted Trueblood, if he has done nothing else, has recorded Frank Forester's game bag. Not more than one hundred years ago Frank and one companion, hunting within fifty miles of New York, bagged (according to Mr. Trueblood) in eight hours of shooting seven ruffed grouse, sixty-two quail, forty woodcock, nineteen jacksnipe, nine rabbits, five wood duck, two green-winged teal, a mallard, and a pintail. We have destroyed even more recklessly than most of us imagined!

But there is one book that is going to stay on the shelves. Beautifully illustrated and carefully documented, "National Field Trial Champions" tells the complete story of an American sporting event that is only twenty-one years younger than the Kentucky Derby. The ordinary quail hunter sometimes looks with suspicion on this attempt to find the best bird dog in the land which is made annually at Grand Junction, Tennessee, for it has tended to develop speed and range beyond everyday needs. But the fact is that it has strengthened the breeding of good bird dogs in America, and the fact is also that, just as the horse lover remembers Gallant Fox and Man of War and the yacht lover *Resolute* and *Rainbow*, so the bird-dog lover thinks of Mary Montrose, Becky Broomhill, Ariel, and even Doughboy.

This book tells about them. Here they, their pedigrees, and their accomplishments are set down in a handsome volume that is a pleasure to look at and a greater pleasure to own. Even if nothing else had been published about the realm of dogs and guns 1955 would go down as a good year.

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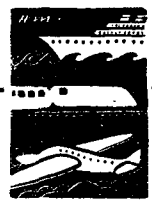

BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

Isle of Joy

INTREPID us, we have been over the Pole, under the Equator, in the Paris sewers, out on a limb, and Baedeker only knows where. Last week, shades of Ferdinand Magellan, we circumnavigated Manhattan in a shined-up LCI that once, moss-bottomed, barnacled, and battered, had put G.I.s ashore in the atolls of the Pacific.

Boarding the Circle Line's *Sightseer VII* in the North River, we came face to face with its diminutive captain, a man who told us, "I will be seventy-nine my next birthday and it is time to quit." He looked at his watch impatiently. "There's always somebody calling from some hotel saying, 'Hold that boat for me.' Beats anything you ever saw. Foreigners is what they are, a lot of them. They get off the ship and get right on this boat without stopping to change their clothes."

A whistle blew, the captain disappeared into the wheelhouse, and we took up position on a camp chair placed on the deck. A gent in a white naval cap and a red gingham shirt took the microphone, and announced that his name was Doc Calhoun and that he was to be the guide. "Doc is just a nickname," Doc said, "so if it gets rough and you don't feel well, don't call on me."

The Weehawken ferry oozed out of the ferry slip on one side of us and the beige stacks of the *Constitution* grew out of the green dock-housing to the north. In midstream we passed a fleet of fifteen barges, each with a house built on one end. One man lives on each barge, Doc explained. Most are bachelors. You can tell the married bargekeepers by the curtains on the windows and the line of wash blowing in the breeze off the Weehawken heights across the river in Jersey. It was at Weehawken that Aaron Burr crossed swords with, and killed, Alexander Hamilton. At the docks below two freighters unloaded their cargoes from the Caribbean.

Below Weehawken, written into history by Burr and Hamilton, was Hoboken, written into history by Frank Sinatra. He was born there, and first sang with the Hoboken Four. The metropolis by the sea was finally cemented into immortal fame when it was used as a background for the Oscar-winning film "On the Waterfront."

On the left, as we sailed down to the harbor entrance, was Greenwich Village—famous, the loudspeaker was saying, as the home of such Bohemians as Eugene O'Neill, Edna St. Vincent Millay, and O. Henry. There was the sixty-story Woolworth Building, once the highest man-made mountain in the world, and Cortlandt Street, where Robert Fulton first exercised "Fulton's Folly." Across the broad stream stood the Colgate clock, largest in the world, big enough to hold eighteen men on the minute hand, most comfortably, one would think, at three o'clock and at nine. In the river below stood the brick-red floating grain elevators, otherwise known as Irish Men-of-War because Irish immigrants first worked them.

Doc pointed out Bowling Green in the financial and shipping quarter of the island, where, he said, "In the greatest real-estate deal in history Peter Minuit bought Manhattan from the Canarise Indians, who were from Brooklyn, yet." Manhattan came to a rounded end at the Battery, which got its name from the War of 1812 when coastal cannon were set up there to keep out the invading British.

Out in the harbor stood the monstrous architecture that tops Ellis Island, where 20,000,000 immigrants were processed on their way into the United States and where many were detained, in sight of the Manhattan canyons. Once it was called Oyster Island, a picnic place for the Dutch. Later came the sailing ships to dump their sand and gravel ballast on its shoreline, feeding it until it grew nine times its original size. Now it is unused, but is sought by two states. The pragmatists of New York would like to make it a rehabilitation home for alcoholics. Esthetes from Jersey would turn it into a museum.

Another drop of land is Governor's Island, headquarters of the United States First Army. It was nourished by the rock and earth taken from subterranean Manhattan when the subways were built. Its old fort is now a guardhouse, and presumably the occupants can view Buttermilk Channel, where in drier days Brooklyn farmers brought their cattle to graze on the flatlands off Governor's Island. Manhattan, as one looked back to it, was an arresting sight, dominated by the Cities Service

Mèlange of Manhattan—Edna St. Vincent Millay, Alexander Hamilton, Babe Ruth, Al Smith, Red Buttons, O. Henry, Frank Sinatra, Robert Fulton, and Faye Emerson.

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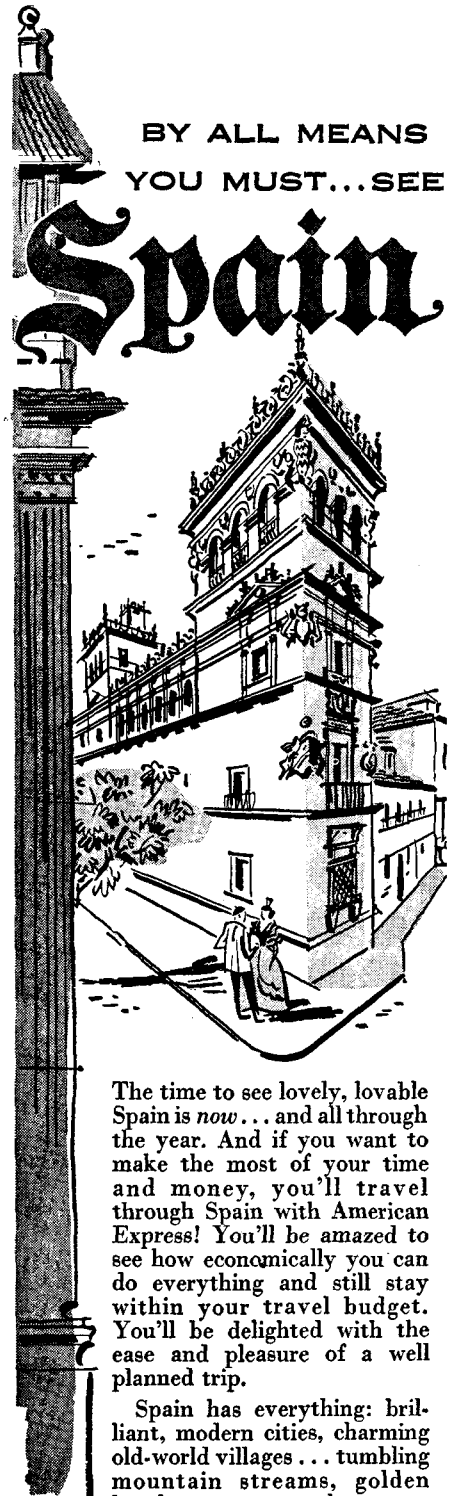

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Building and two banks, the third, fourth, and fifth tallest buildings in the world. They stood there, as Doc explained, "like the three Gabor sisters."

On the starboard shore rose Brooklyn Heights, where George Washington manipulated the evacuation of Long Island during the Revolution. Across the East River the Fulton Fish Market, where Al Smith worked as a boy, rested in the afternoon sun. It was, as he used to say, his *alma mater*. A paper boat down from Canada by way of the Erie Canal, loaded with newsprint, slipped past the Lower East Side, a honeycomb of tenements whence came Jimmie Durante, Eddie Cantor, Irving Berlin, the Gershwins. The *Saratoga*, a giant aircraft carrier, was abuilding in the Brooklyn Navy Yard across the stream.

The stark piles of the new housing projects rose along lower Manhattan, and Doc was inspired to recall the Lorenz Hart lyric from "Manhattan." "It's very fancy on old Delancey Street, you know . . ." "Well," said Doc, surveying the improvements, "they're playing tennis on old Delancey now, once a very colorful part of Manhattan."

There was Bellevue, best known for its psychiatric services; the headquarters of the New York Steam Company, which can shoot warmth to the Empire State Building in twenty-three seconds. Like a clean and peaceful grass and concrete glen, the United Nations stretched from 42nd to 48th Streets. Facts and figures tumbled out of the loudspeaker now. "Eight and one-half million for six blocks . . . thirty-nine stories . . . six acres of green glass and Vermont marble." A faithful band along the shoreline was Franklin D. Roosevelt Drive, which as Doc explained, was called East River Drive by Republicans. Overlooking it was Irving Berlin's town house and 60 Sutton Place South, which, if Doc's sources are reliable, is home to Faye Emerson, Leland Heyward, and Elliott Lawrence, not to mention Red Buttons, who also moved uptown from quarters not far from the Fulton Fish Market. We passed Doctor's Hospital and Doc told the visitors, "When Jackie Gleason broke his ankle that's where he went."

SOON we were curving from the East River into the Harlem, which, we were told, are not really rivers at all but salt-water estuaries. The Bronx loomed off the starboard bow, only borough of New York City on the mainland of the United States. And there was the Yankee Stadium, built by Jake Ruppert for $3,500,000 and known as the "House That Ruth

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THE SATURDAY REVIEW

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Built." Babe, as will be recalled by any middle-aged male in the household, whacked sixty homers in 1927 and the crowd flocked to see the spectacle. Across the river the Giants were playing the Cubs in the Polo Grounds and in the housing project known as Colonial Park, next door, you could see the sign that advertised Sugar Ray's Quality Cleaners.

We ducked under the High Stone Bridge, built in 1848, oldest bridge in the city. Poe walked on it and, say some, here composed "Annabelle Lee." Up on University Heights you could see the mast of Thomas Lipton's *Shamrock IV*, planted now on the uptown campus of New York University. Down we skimmed along Spuyten Duyvil, past Columbia's Baker Field, silent now, but soon to ring with Saturday football crowds as it once had when Sid Luckman and Ralph Hewitt and Cliff Montgomery had set the Lions roaring. Below was the Quonset hut where the Columbia crew houses its shells. On the rock-face across the water a half-finished block C had been painted on the granite by sophomoric hands. It wasn't far from where Hendrik Hudson had once parked the *Half Moon*.

Down we came now into the majesty of the Hudson. The grim, gray Palisades cast their shadows just the way Columbia undergrads sing about them each football Saturday. The sun glinted against the George Washington Bridge, and Doc said it was the twenty-second bridge we had been under. He also said that if all the cables of the span were tied end to end the bridge would fall down. And that our next point of interest would be Grant's Tomb, where, he insisted, we would see Cary Grant. Old Doc is a nautical card.

Then the Great Wall of Riverside Drive rose off the port rail and cars whirled along the West Side Highway that follows the shoreline, and in the green of the park alongside boys threw sticks and dogs retrieved them. We remembered, when we were half our height, watching the trucks dump the fill for that highway. And the day we rode the Navy launch out to visit the fleet at anchor in the Hudson. And the Flexible Flyer that flew down the incline at Riverside Drive. And how you could shoot U-tacks in the fall when the men took down the awnings. And the old Linit sign that reflected in the river on warm spring nights. And there was a great expanding in the area of the auricles and the ventricles that sometimes, in our leathered maturity, we had come to believe we had to journey to dusk on the plain below Granada or the sun of an isle of the Cyclades ever again to feel. —HORACE SUTTON.

Americana

Continued from page 18

our history does not, of course, get in the way of his exposition of what happened. His story is pithily told and with remarkable freedom from the deadly academic cliche. His vignettes of personalities are well trimmed, and his interlacing of economic and political factors achieves a nice balance.

Mr. Link's handling of economic and political matters is, on the whole, superior to his dealing with social and cultural factors. With the latter he seems more content to list than to explain or expound, but this reservation aside "American Epoch" is a stimulating and challenging—and in many places exciting—review of the United States from the Gilded to the Uranium Age. —ALDEN WHITMAN.

A RIVER CALLED THE FRENCH BROAD: Some of our lesser-known rivers are as much storied as the more widely known ones. It's all in the telling, as Wilma Dykeman makes evident in **"The French Broad"** (Rinehart, $5). A native of the valley, Miss Dykeman has taken the pains to know her river and to absorb its fascinating folklore so thoroughly that its history rolls on to her pages effortlessly and with grace.

The French Broad, extending 204 miles, rises in western North Carolina, flows northward and then to the west, where it joins the Tennessee above Knoxville. It got its name, in the late seventeenth century (when the two words did not have their present-day connotation), from hunters along the Blue Ridge who took account of its width and the fact that it ran toward territory controlled by France.

Because of mountain barriers the general area about the river was isolated from the main flow of seaboard civilization until the railroad broke through in the late 1870s. This made for hardy people, who took no sass from anyone including Jeff Davis's Confederacy. The advent of industrialization has, of course, tended to sandpaper some of the flintiness but, even so, the people have managed to evade a full cosmopolitan varnish.

In recounting the French Broad's history, Miss Dykeman, in her informal fashion, concentrates on the area's rugged individualists. And they give her some good yarns to spin. She does not, however, neglect the emergence of Asheville and the transformations wrought by the Douglas Dam and TVA. This makes for a well-rounded and compact introduction to the mountain fastness of the French Broad. —A. W.

(*Advertisement*)

You Shall Have Music

By THURMAN PRICE

THROUGHOUT the ages, culture and the arts had a way of getting around . . . but it often took a long, long time. But today, it is an easy thing for us to reverse the procedure . . . and get *ourselves* around to any cultural or artistic happenings almost overnight, though they might be thousands of miles away.

One of the most important musical events of the age—the Vienna State Opera Reopening Festival—starts in November. Were these the days of Johann Strauss, it would take music-loving Americans months of planning and weeks of travel to enjoy one of the greatest moments in musical history.

BUT NOT EVEN a Johann Strauss nor any of the Strausses could wangle you a ticket for this year's Vienna State Opera. Proof that it is unsurpassed anywhere in the world, is the fact that the S.R.O. sign has been up for over a year!

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Fiction

Continued from page 16

equanimity will be enough to overcome all admiration for Bacchelli's art, to make it suspect as dishonestly healthy. For others he may have the appeal of an almost forgotten fragrance, an anachronism only to those whose sense of time is determined by the flickering plenitude of the present.

Notes

AMBERWELL REVISITED: Opening a D. E. Stevenson novel is like entering the home of a hospitable old friend. You can be sure of enjoyable fare, entertaining company, and an au revoir wreathed in romantic memories. In her thirtieth novel, **"Amberwell"** (Rinehart, $3.50), Miss Stevenson does not fail her guests. The five Ayrton children, in the years before the Second World War, played happily on the West Scottish beach and spacious lawns of ancestral Amberwell. Roger and Tom, favorites of their stuffy and insensitive parents, were sent away to school. Connie, Nell, and Anne, being girls, were relegated to the education of servants. Society-minded Connie married acceptably, but Anne's mysterious elopement sentenced her to exile from Amberwell. The boys saw hazardous war service, Tom in the Navy, which his father had all along prevented him from joining. Shy Nell took over not only the management of the understaffed estate but the care of Roger's motherless son. It was thanks to her patient devotion that Roger and Tom had a satisfactory homecoming and exiled Anne a cozy surprise. There are few surprises for the reader, but then what old Stevenson hand needs the jolt of surprise?

—Ann F. Wolfe.

TALE OF A CITY: George R. Stewart always has loved to personify impersonal entities and place them at the center of novels, as in his books "Storm" and "Fire." In a sense, the protagonist in **"The Years of the City"** (Houghton Mifflin, $4.50) is a city, which he follows lovingly from the day of its founding to the day it is laid waste forever.

The city of Phrax never existed outside these pages. The names of its people and gods are not the names of history in direct reference. Yet you will know Phrax and recognize many of the great events of its years, as you will recognize its culture and beliefs and the quality of its people and its leaders. Phrax is a synthesis, compounded from the histories of all the ancient cities on the sea-marge in Hellas. It is not Athens, nor Corcyra, nor Corinth, nor Pylos, nor Rhodes, nor Troy, nor Argos, but it is something of each and all others like them.

Mr. Stewart carries Phrax from its founding in an epoch of primitive gods and heroes through a complex of political and military evolution to an age of sophistication, cynicism, and decadence. In the large pattern of the long book required for the task there are many times when the urgency of the story flags and the reader is pained at the swift passage of a character just well established. I think, too, that in later portions he pursues parallels to the present, legitimate though they are, a bit too patly.

For all this, the book is a substantial achievement, fruit of a Fulbright professorship in Athens. Moreover, Book One, "How They Founded It," is an entity of such beauty as to be worth the whole price by itself.

—Edmund Fuller.

SOLDIER'S DILEMMA: Regular Army Colonel Karl Brucken, the main figure in a novel by Serge Groussard which has been translated from the French by Antonia White, epitomizes the book's title, **"A German Officer"** (Putnam, $3). He is as inflexible as the Iron Cross, a decoration which he wears like an ikon of his abstract god. Duty to the State, whom he has always served with unswerving loyalty. Though reduced to the most degrading poverty by Germany's downfall in World War II, he is not bereft of his pride and honor, and eventually he achieves a position approximating his former status. Duty under the Third Reich, however, had imposed some rigorous obligations, including such tasks as the execution of recalcitrant civilians, and just as Brucken is well on the road back his avenging past overtakes him to end his story.

If M. Groussard, writing with precise, clinical detachment, has succeeded in presenting Brucken's sort with sufficient objectivity so that our emotional response is not blurred by prejudice, he has also failed to elicit response of any kind in appreciable strength, and has produced a novel which often seems static and confining.

—Jerome Stone.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fact and Fiction

Title and Author	Crime, Place, and Sleuth	Summing Up	Verdict
THE ELEVENTH HOUR *Donald Forbes* (Roy: $2.50)	Footprint in sand takes Scotland Yard on long chase to nip treason plot.	Action all the way in this nice job; praise Allah, a *detective* story!	Give us more, Don.
NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO DIE *Elizabeth Tebbetts-Taylor* (Arcadia: $2.50)	Movie star (female) goes west in swank Hollywood dress-dive; Chicagoans are concerned.	Setting convincing; wispy in spots, and improvable, but holds interest.	As noted at left.
FAMOUS MANHUNTS *Leonard Gribble* (Roy: $3.75)	Twenty true cases, 1855 to present, covering England, US, Canada, France, Austria, Germany, Hungary, Australia.	Some familiar (Landru, Brides in Bath) but most will be new to fact-fans; pix.	Nice variety.
ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT *Whit Masterson* (Dodd, Mead: $2.75)	So. Cal. screwball snatches cop's daughter; hell to pay from 12:10 to 5:30 a.m.	Well-knit yarn is almost documentary; pace furious, with wow wind-up.	Excellent chase job.
THE BECKONING DREAM *Evelyn Berckman* (Dodd, Mead: $2.75)	Hugely unpleasant ladies involve selves in murder-blackmail twosome; something has to give.	Sharp characterization lends this one special appeal; males not nice either.	Unusual, effective.
DEATH OF AN ANGEL *Frances and Richard Lockridge* (Lippincott: $2.50)	Curtains for rich playbacker bring Pam and Jerry North front and center, also Capt. Weigand of NY cops.	Actresses, authors, agents, allergies, ailurophobes abound; cat is among corpses.	Usual smooth production.
ADVENTURES IN MURDER *Leonard Gribble* (Roy: $3.75)	Nineteen true-cases (largely Britain, plus US, France, Germany, Ireland), 1827-1954; all have love angles.	Yarns all sound, though some are old hat (Maybrick, Crippen, Snyder-Gray, Thompson-Bywaters).	Good variety.
GIDEON'S DAY *J. J. Marric* (Harper: $2.75)	Fifteen hours in life of Scotland Yard super finds him handling numerous crimes, crooked cop.	Semi-documentary treatment highly effective; cases neatly dovetailed; pace excellent. —Sergeant Cuff.	A-1 number.

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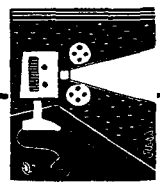

IDEAS ON FILM

Entries at Edinburgh

EDINBURGH, SCOTLAND.

THOSE who have attended the Edinburgh Film Festival regularly in the previous eight years tell me that two things are unusual about this year: the films and the weather. The films are said to be only fair in comparison to past years (one wonders whether this is really so or whether only the highspots of previous festivals are faithfully remembered). The weather, on the other hand, has been unequivocally wonderful—warm and sunny, with only occasional light showers to remind us that this is Scotland.

Attendance at the various film shows during the three weeks of this huge arts festival has been surprisingly high, despite this and that. Major events are held on Sunday afternoons and evenings in several of Edinburgh's largest theatres, where 1,000 or more paying patrons are accommodated at each performance. Crowds for these events are much larger than weekday crowds, since other activities are curtailed on Sundays here. Films with most popular appeal are shown, typical of the kinds of programs one would find in a regular movie theatre or "art house." In these programs one particularly felt the lack of exciting entries from the U.S. Disney's "Lady and the Tramp," Kazan's "East of Eden," and "The Blackboard Jungle" were selected from whatever list of American features had been submitted.

Of the twenty-four accompanying short films on these Sunday programs only four were from the U.S.: Disney's "Switzerland," Warner Brothers' "Mississippi Traveler," UPA's "Fudget's Budget," and "As the Young Ones Sing," a Government-sponsored, Italian-made documentary about an International School for youngsters in Vienna.

More and perhaps better American shorts would have been shown at these major presentations if 35mm prints had been available. But let's not deceive ourselves—if the Edinburgh festival films this year were not up to par, the American contribution did not measure up even that far. Altogether, thirty-seven American films were officially accepted by the Selection Board and screened at this Ninth International Edinburgh Film Festival. An equal number of films from Great Britain were shown, possibly equally disappointing, not because they were so poor but because one expects them to be the best. The highest consistency was that achieved by Canada, Czechoslovakia, and Denmark, which together were responsible for twenty-one films shown. Twenty-five other countries were represented by the remaining ninety-five films; my arithmetic works it out to a total of 170 films and thirty countries. It was most laudably an international festival.

Of the American films only about one-half have been shown widely in the U.S., on 35mm or on 16mm. Aside from three theatrical UPA cartoons which were loudly applauded the most talked-of film was a documentary entitled "The Big Issue" (14 min.), an eye-opener about municipal deterioration for which the film urges immediate reform and reconstruction. Made by Charles Guggenheim Associates in St. Louis, it was in the social-documentary tradition so nearly defunct all over the world. Two television films were similarly serious and praised—"The Way of the Navajo" and "Family of Man" (based on the recent Steichen show and book), both produced by CBS-TV's "Adventure." Omnibus's "Toby and the Tall Corn" got off to a slow start, but was enjoyed for its pleasantly warm presentation of a Midwest tent show and its small-town audience. Only a handful of very aloof Britishers complained that this was much too raucous and "American."

The largest number of American films shown here was of what we commonly call the "experimental" film. They were grouped together (with two Swedish films) and shown at the small Cameo Theatre to a near-capacity audience of about 200. In this category Albert Mozell's "End of Summer" (12 min.) was enjoyed by the predominantly British and Scottish audience, probably more than it would have been enjoyed by an American audience. It is an easy-going satire on the annual return from beach to city life. Shirley Clarke's "Bullfight" (9 min., color) blends a dance solo with the realism of the arena, an exciting idea falteringly executed, but considered among film-makers here to be the only true experiment in the lot.

Three Government-sponsored films were shown at various weekly Cameo programs. "Origins of the Motion Picture," produced for training Navy photographers, is clearly patterned on the French "Biography of the Motion Picture," more complete in its catalogue of inventions and inventors but, unfortunately, less imaginative and lively. "Paintings of the New World" is a confused account of nineteenth-century America based on very attractive paintings of that time; it was produced for the U.S. Information Service by an Italian production company. Joseph Krumgold's "Yukawa Story" tells of a Japanese scientist, his family, and his work; it also is a USIS production.

THE outstanding feature film of the entire three weeks was Vittorio de Sica's "L'Oro di Napoli," an episodic series of "cameos of Neapolitan life" starring Silvana Mangano, Sophia Loren, and De Sica himself. The noted director was here to receive, from the hands of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., the Golden Laurel Trophy founded by David O. Selznick and presented each year to a film-maker (other than an American) for consistent contributions, through the production of motion pictures of high cinematic merit, to international understanding.

Other personalities, less familiar to the box-office public, helped make this year's Edinburgh Festival rise above itself. Foremost was the Danish director Carl Dreyer, who spoke formally and informally before small audiences of serious film-makers and critics. His latest film, "Ordet," which runs for longer than two hours, was screened twice without any accompanying shorts. Miss Mary Fields also spoke on two occasions, first on "the great audience gamble" and second on children's films (which will be the subject of next month's article). New Zealander John Feeney introduced his short documentary "Hot Earth," about the land of the geysers; Thorold Dickinson spoke briefly about his new Israeli feature, "Hill Twenty-four Doesn't Answer"; Fleming Olsen introduced his company's "A Day Came," a Danish feature about wartime underground activities; the Indian director K. A. Abbas spoke briefly about his "Munna," a charming episodic story about a six-year-old orphan in search of his mother.

This takes us only halfway up the alphabet, but it should indicate that for me it was a most worthwhile three weeks of films. My only regret is that so many of the films I enjoyed here will not be seen in the U.S., not even by the minority audience which might enjoy sampling the world's best in realism and experiment.

—CECILE STARR.

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What Is Prosperity Doing to Political Parties?

Continued from page 10

made still more meaningless any effort to understand America along liberal-conservative lines, and it has completed the process of swinging the country into a genuinely new era of politics.

For decades Americans have been so preoccupied with the differences between liberalism and conservatism in domestic affairs that they failed to note how alike the two factions were in their attitudes toward world problems. We are a people whose history has made us the land of the swift, final solution, brought about by ourselves alone. The business of America, most liberals and conservatives agreed, was America. The nation was to get ahead with this business without dependence on other countries and without interference from them. At times, of course, there would be an interruption, when some foreign nation, acting in a way that foreigners persist in doing, went berserk. Then the matter was to be settled by diplomacy or war but, whatever the technique, quickly and definitively. Foreign policy was something you had, like measles, and got over with as swiftly as possible.

Americans have been the more inclined to believe in the quick, total solution of any world problem because they were so sure that the world was no great problem anyhow. Liberals or conservatives, they tended to assume a general international trend, a trend so certain that it took on the cast of a law of history. Human beings everywhere and at all times seek peace and democracy, want to get ahead to a farm of their own or a house on the right side of the tracks, prefer to do it all gradually and with a decent regard for the amenities. The history of man is consequently a long slow swing toward a world consisting entirely of middle-class democracies. Once in a while the trouble comes when some country falls under an evil leader, who forces it along a road forbidden by the law of history. Then it is only necessary to remove the leader and let things flow back along their proper path. (The United States has never fought a foreign war in the name of fighting a whole people; the enemy has always been a pernicious leader, or group of leaders.) If the natural swing of the world is toward peaceful, democratic, middle-class way, how can foreign policy be a problem, requiring anything except the occasional surgical removal of an unnatural growth?

Against such a background of national belief it is hardly surprising that neither liberalism nor conservatism developed a distinct and coherent foreign policy. Both doctrines had arisen out of home problems and really had answers only for those problems. Three times during the long-running domestic battle, in 1898, in 1914, and in 1939, major foreign policy issues interjected themselves without bringing a significant alignment of liberals *vs.* conservatives.

Even the Soviet alliance of World War II produced no basic cleavage. Public-opinion polls indicated that of all occupational groups in the United States business executives were much the most optimistic about Russia's postwar intentions. The anti-New Deal Luce publications were explaining away the Russian secret police as a kind of "national police similar to the FBI," whose job is "tracking down traitors"; the high-Republican Main Line packed the hall to hear the Philadelphia Orchestra introduce the new Russian anthem, "Hymn to the Soviet Union." A careful student of American-Soviet relations during the war, Paul Willen, has published an article entitled "Who 'Collaborated' with Russia?" His answer is, Just about everybody except fringe groups.

THEN, suddenly, it happened. Americans had hardly brushed the V-J confetti out of their hair when they were confronted with a jolting fact. Something was decidedly wrong with their law of history. Around the world millions of men and women, far from moving gradually toward middle-class democracy, were hurtling off in an entirely different direction.

Befuddled and more than a little resentful, most Americans did not come quickly to any very clear idea of what to do. Only gradually, during the eerie years after 1947, did an

alignment take shape. Basically new groupings were emerging in American politics. At long last the nation was being divided by a fundamental difference over foreign policy and it was dividing into groups which can be legitimately called the Reconcilables and the Irreconcilables.

The Irreconcilables were the first to make themselves clearly heard. They have no intention of reconciling themselves to a different world situation. Thinking along traditional American lines, they continue to assume that all the ordinary people of the world want peace and democracy and hence the present Soviet-American clash can be solved quickly, finally, and with no great dependence on others. If history is racing off in the wrong direction, America is to yank it back and have done with the business.

From this general attitude flows a whole set of specific positions. As a group the Irreconcilables spurn coexistence, with its assumption that Communism is to go on indefinitely. They put much more emphasis on direct military preparation than on the slow process of containing Communism by economic aid to endangered areas. Though few Irreconcilables have actually advocated preventive war, they are impatient with limited wars and show a marked receptivity to the argument that the disturbance can be ended once and for all by smashing its center, the men in the Kremlin. They have little enthusiasm for the United Nations, coalition diplomacy, coalition war, or anything else which places America in a position of relying on others.

Nowhere does the Irreconcilable position take more important form than in the attitude toward Asia. For many decades a feeling had been growing in the United States that the Asiatics were our special mission under the law of history. It was our duty to help feed them, educate them, convert them, nudge them along toward the middle-class life. The sentiment was plain in President William McKinley as he expressed his conviction that "there was nothing for us to do but to . . . educate the Filipinos, and

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Theocritus, E. B. Browning, "Sonnets from the Portuguese" (I). 2. Cromwell, Shakespeare, "Henry VIII." 3. Belshazzar, Emily Dickinson, untitled verses beginning with cited lines. 4. Horace, Byron, "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage." 5. Shelley, Robert Browning, "Memorabilia." 6. Edward, Thomas Gray, "The Curse upon Edward." 7. Petrarch, Keats, Sonnet IX. 8. Glanvil, Matthew Arnold, "The Scholar-Gipsy." 9. Medici, E. A. Robinson, "Miniver Cheevy." 10. Heraclitus, William Johnson-Cory, "Heraclitus" (paraphrase from Callimachus).

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uplift and civilize and Christianize them." Over the years the attitude was spoken from 1,000 pulpits by missionaries returning from China with fervid reports of how many more Chinese had chopped off their pigtails, learned to wear pants, or marched to the baptismal font. The emotion made its way into endless speeches by politicians of the present era, not to speak of the dictum of the late Senator Kenneth Wherry, who told a wildly cheering crowd in 1940: "With God's help, we will lift Shanghai up and up, ever up, until it is just like Kansas City."

As a result, the swing of Asia toward Communism has been a particularly sore point with many Americans. The Chinese not only proceeded to make trouble by going Communist; they brought the added irritation of thumbing their nose at our patronage. The Irreconcilable is irreconcilable, above all, to the Chinese revolution or other Red gains in Asia.

Speaking in Los Angeles last January, General Douglas MacArthur gave the Irreconcilable point of view classic expression. The trouble with the world, the General was sure, was not the ordinary people on either side of the Iron Curtain. The trouble came from leaders and from "dangerous doctrines" that were abroad in the United States—doctrines that "we have become dependent on other nations for our being and our welfare," of "limited warfare" and "so-called United Nations forces." Enthusiastically MacArthur endorsed Napoleon, who said of coalition efforts: "Give me allies as an enemy so that I can defeat them one by one." The speech quivered with impatience to get the crisis over with, especially in Asia.

WHILE such Irreconcilable doctrine was building a powerful following in postwar years, the position of the Reconcilables gradually took shape. It was natural that their thinking should take more time to coalesce, because they were feeling their way toward a fundamental break with the past. The Reconcilables have reconciled themselves to giving up the traditional, comfortable American view of the world. They accept a situation in which history, with a mocking toss of her head, seems off on a roar with shaggy and disreputable suitors. The Reconcilables doubt whether the resulting problems can ever be totally solved; they are positive that they cannot be solved quickly. They are not even sure that we should try to solve them by simply smashing Communism because they are plagued by the feeling that the Red surge represents, in a viciously distorted way, the legitimate aspirations of millions for independence and social reform.

From this general position flows a set of specific attitudes almost diametrically opposite to those of the Irreconcilable. Since the Reconcilable has no hope of a quick, total solution, he has no faith that the crisis can be ended by war against the major Communist powers. He promotes co-existence and if wars break out wants them limited lest they become what he considers a futile general conflict. He takes Communist control in China wistfully but without rancor, considering it less the work of ingrates who can be slapped down than the product of a long-running social revolution which no one could have halted. Believing that the whole present crisis comes from such a worldwide social revolution, he emphasizes aid to economic reform and looks to bolstering the longtime American position by supporting the United Nations and general coalition diplomacy.

Adlai Stevenson's recent book, "Call to Greatness," catches perfectly the tone and temper of the Reconcilable. MacArthur, in appealing to traditional

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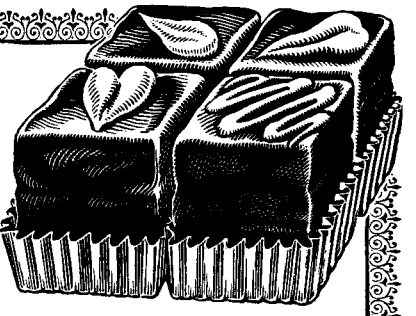

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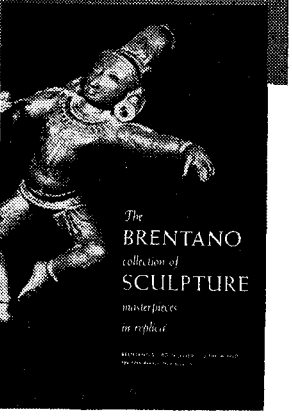

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ideas of foreign policy, talked the attitude toward youth traditional in the United States. The General joined with countless generations of Americans in a song to the young—the salad years are the best ones, the supreme virtue is the young man's confidence that things can soon be made to turn out right, both individuals and nations can remain always young by remembering, to use MacArthur's words, that "you are as young as your faith, as old as your doubt." Stevenson, asking for a break with the past in foreign policy, breaks with the past in his whole emotional context. There is a fortyish sigh in Stevenson's prose as he bids the country recognize that both individuals and nations do become middle-aged. At the present time, he insists, the United States is decidedly middle-aged with respect to the revolutionary societies aborning around the world, and as such it had better depend on patience, flexibility, and other virtues of the no-longer-young. Stevenson can only conclude with the tentative, middle-aged hopefulness of the Reconcilable, in personal or world affairs. "In youth," he writes, "everything seems possible." But then come the middle years "and in the end most of us reconcile ourselves, with what grace we can, to living with our ulcers and arthritis, our sense of partial failure, our less-than-ideal families. . . . Maybe America, as a nation, is approaching that point [in its attitude toward world problems]."

IN SOME ways the split between Reconcilables and Irreconcilables is a reemergence of the old liberal-conservative division now transferred into foreign policy. The Reconcilable position picks up again the liberal receptivity to the new, its emphasis on economic reform, its willingness to spend large sums of public money to bring about social change. The Irreconcilable repeats the conservative's extreme hostility toward Communism, his relative lack of interest in social change anywhere, and his budget consciousness. There is a notable continuity in leadership, whether longtime liberals who are now conspicuous Reconcilables or veteran anti-New Dealers who have turned into crusading Irreconcilables.

Yet to see the present-day struggle as simply a reappearance of the liberal-conservative cleavage is seriously to misunderstand what is happening in American politics. If there is a considerable continuity in the leadership of the movements, there is a still more striking lack of sequence. In many parts of the nation, for example, a good deal of the most devoted leadership of the Reconcilables comes from individuals or publications with marked anti-New Deal, anti-Fair Deal records.

The changed situation is pointed up even more by a consideration of the rank and file. By the 1930s a clear-cut division had appeared in the followings commanded by the liberals and by the conservatives. As everyone knows, the division followed economic and social lines. To an overwhelming extent the poor, the almost-poor, and the minority groups voted for liberal candidates. To an overwhelming extent the rich and the comfortable, particularly the rich or the comfortable who were old stock, backed conservatives. But the ranks of the Reconcilables and the Irreconcilables show no such characteristics. The support for each doctrine cuts across all economic lines and almost all divisions formed by color or ethnic origins. Somewhere in the 1940s we seem to have passed over from a politics based on class to a politics determined by some quite different factor or factors.

What are these new factors? Do the Reconcilables and the Irreconcilables fall into any identifiable groups? We have some clues. There is the obvious fact that a strikingly heavy percentage of the Irreconcilables in Congress are from west of the Appalachians and north of the Mason-Dixon line. Every public opinion poll which touches on questions relating to the struggle between the Reconcilables and the Irreconcilables points to this correlation: the less education the more likely a person is to hold Irreconcilable opinions. A varied body of evidence indicates another alignment: the most intense support for Irreconcilable ideas seems to be found among old-stock Americans who are going down in wealth or status and among immigrants who have recently made great advances.

The Westerner, the downward mobile, the upward mobile, the uneducated, joined against Easterners and Southerners, the educated, and those with a more stable position in society—this is a crazy quilt indeed, and it leads inevitably to the inquiry whether there is some common characteristic which makes sense out of each grouping. Consideration of the Reconcilable and the Irreconcilable as a human type leads to one suggestion. Certainly there is an aggressive, frenetic, I-can-lick-anybody tone about the Irreconcilable doctrine which calls up the image of the person who is not sure of himself or is frustrated by being something he does not want to be. Certainly the Reconcilable looks at the present world crisis with a serenity, a patience, and a readiness for new concepts which point to the man with some sense of inner security.

—*Burck in the* Chicago Sun-Times.

"From Every Mountain Side—"

The jumble of class, regional, and educational lines which divide the Reconcilable from the Irreconcilable could bear some relationship to this question of a sense of inner security. The uneducated man is not only without the status that comes with schooling; he lacks the relaxing assurance, which education alone can bring, that Rome was not built—nor was it destroyed—in a day. The old-stock American who is not doing too well fidgets at the thought that he will be pushed out of leadership in the community by the upward lunge of new stock. The newer immigrants, so much on the rise economically, are only the more concerned about that final prerequisite of respectability—being undoubtedly, unassailably, 100 per cent American. It is a commonplace of American history that Westerners, particularly Midwesterners, as types, have shown a blustering inferiority complex toward the East. There is hardly a departure from type in the fact that nothing brings a more bitter sneer to the face of Mr. Irreconcilable himself, Senator McCarthy, than the Princeton accent of a Stevenson or the Eastern elegance of Dean Acheson's striped pants.

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Asia Firstism of the Midwestern tradition, the effects of twenty years of angry ideological wars in the United States, the sheer pressures of the world situation—a hundred facts make ridiculous any simple explanation of the present Reconcilable-Irreconcilable cleavage in terms of one factor, and a vague psychological one at that. Yet if it is hard to take too seriously such explanations, it is equally hard to dismiss them entirely. The fact is that we have entered a new era of politics so decidedly new, so removed from the old rational liberal-conservative struggle, so devoid of a simple economic basis, that we are forced into murky realms even to begin to understand it.

WHERE will the Reconcilable-Irreconcilable struggle take us? Which tide of opinion will catch up Eisenhower, who has wavered so much between the two ways of thinking? Which will sweep along his successors during the decades of East-West crisis that seem to lie ahead regardless of the present four-power rapprochements? Of course no one can answer these questions. But to those Reconcilables who are highly confident that the future lies with them it should be pointed out that the division between Reconcilable and Irreconcilable is not simply a division between men. It is often a division in the same American's mind and heart. However Reconcilable any of us may think he is, we are all heirs to those alluring national traditions of the pre-packaged solution, of faith in the headlong virtues of youth, of the restless, irritable feeling that somewhere, somehow there is a foreign policy which has the supreme virtue of getting rid of the need for a foreign policy. We are all, deep down, none too reconcilable to a world which has turned into a nagging drain on our attention, our money, and our sons.

On the other hand, those who see a sure victory for the Irreconcilables are overlooking a tremendous fact of modern American history. The battle of today bears a highly suggestive similarity to the old liberal-conservative struggle. The conservative was facing an upsurge from the bottom of American society; the Irreconcilable is facing an upsurge from the bottom of world society. We Americans may be an impatient people but we have also been, in the ultimate tests, a democratic and a pragmatic people. Fundamentally democratic, the old domestic conservative could not listen unmoved to the yearnings of those below. Fundamentally pragmatic, he did not listen with a wooden mind, and he decided to bend rather than to risk being broken. A combination

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of this spirit of practical compromise and of this response to the aspirations of the lowly would go a long way toward sapping away the strength of the Irreconcilables.

A long way—but not the last crucial step. Both past and present generations in the United States may have faced essentially the same problem of poverty, whether on the national or international scale. The critical difference is that this era is confronted by the difficulty under circumstances which suggest that the only alternative to global disaster is a transformation of habits of thinking about the world which most Americans, whatever their reaction to social problems, have deeply cherished. Of the liberals and conservatives who worked, battled, dreamed, and compromised through all the period from the 1880s to the 1940s it must be said, to their lasting glory, that they conquered poverty. Of us it could be said, with a kind of pride in which no previous generation of Americans has even been interested, that we conquered our own most American, most potentially disastrous, selves.

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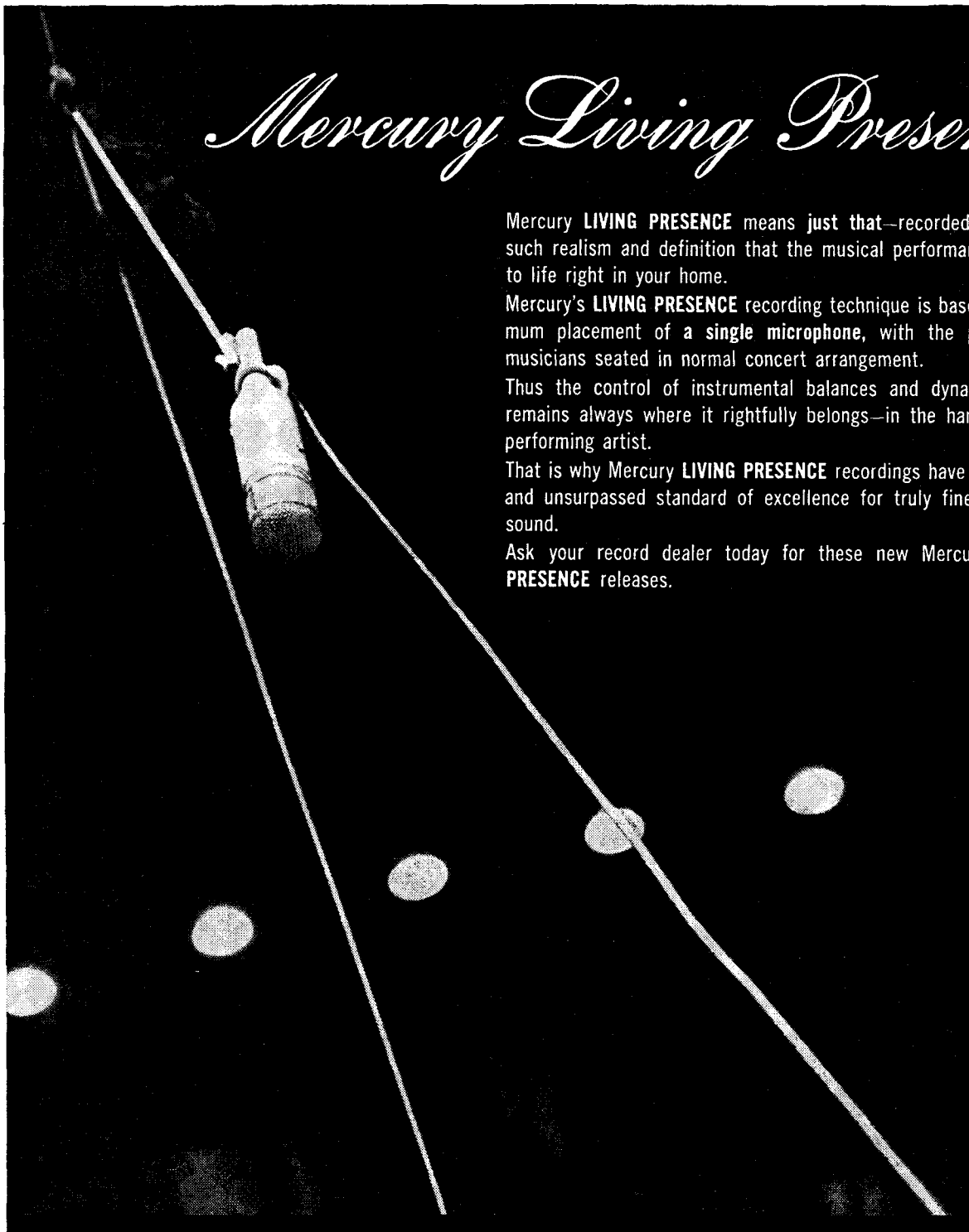

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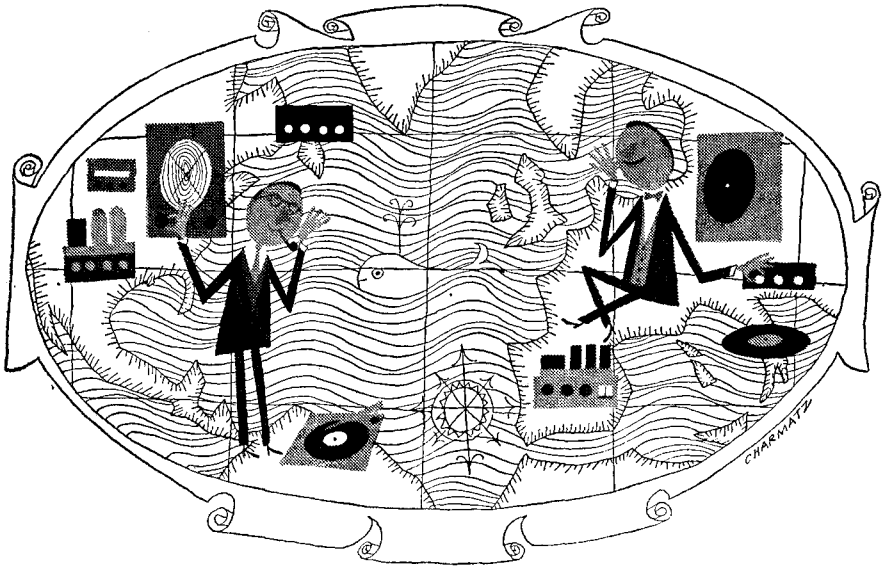
SR AUDIO FAIR SECTION

CONTENTS

ALTA FEDELTÁ 1955
By Irving Kolodin 41
UPWARD AND ONWARD WITH DISC AND TAPE
By R. S. Lanier 44
AUDIO FAIR AND UNFAIR
By Edgar Villchur 46
THE AUDIO BOOKSHELF
By Harold Lawrence 48
GUIDE TO FIFTY HI-FI FAVORITES
By the Editor 50
LEND ME YOUR EARS
By Jimmy Carroll 51
AUDIO FAIR FORECAST 54



ALTA FEDELTA 1955

By IRVING KOLODIN

AUDIO Fairs, whether known by that name or not, have become fairly familiar penomena in numerous American cities since the first —the forerunner of the one in session at the Hotel New Yorker on October 13, 14, 15, and 16—drew a mere 3,000 persons in 1949. England has its Radio Show, and it is not improbable that a similar venture in Paris or Rome, Milan or Amsterdam would draw enthusiasts of much the same kidney. Indeed, if the sponsors of the Audio Fair here could load the whole show on a fleet of cargo planes and fly it to these points it could be appraised and understood with virtually no further preparation.

The basis for this view is provided by the increasing appearance, in foreign publications devoted to recordings and equipment, not only of products recognizable by pictures alone, but also of brand-names, descriptive phrases, and technical data closely related to the American jargon of hi-fi. That mania for abbreviation so dear to us has not yet penetrated the foreign vocabularies, but enough words and phrases have to make one aware that a new kind of *lingua franca* is in the making . . . a *lingo americana* which may, in the end, be a more effective way of Speaking Abroad than any of those officially devised to date.

In France, for example, the approved catchphrase is *haute fidelité*. A shop will advertise itself as specializing in records providing "*l'actualité*." Specifications of *une valise* (which is the local term for a portable) refer to an "ampli twelve watts push-pull," or if the total description is spelled out: an *amplificateur* or a *pre-amplificateur*. What we call tubes and the English know as valves are, to the French, *lampes*, which is all right, too. After all, the English agreed, during the war, to call lorries trucks if we referred to gas as petrol. One need not be pigheaded about things like this, or too greedy for total conversion to our own idiom.

There are ready French equivalents for loudspeaker (*haut-parleur*) and separate bass and treble controls (*contrôle séparé aigüs, graves*) but the stark simplicity and functional precision of pickup—whether *cristal* or *electromagnétique*—is hard to deny. A speaker will be admired for its "*véritable baffle acoustique*," or a changer advertised in respect to "*son pickup extra léger*." Knowing that the realistic French will not accept the wholly improbable, our advertising claims of 20-20,000 cycle response are downgraded, in French publications, to a more modest 50-15,000 cycles.

The informative *Musica e dischi* bimonthly of Milan has recently instituted a section called "Alta Fedeltá," dealing with much the same serious subject matter. In conjunction with it, readers are offered a series of suggestions for obtaining the best results from "*dei dischi microsolco*." First among them is a warning not to use "*un pick-up superiore ai 10 grammi*." It should, of course, have "*la puntina speciale*," as anyone who has had the misfortune to play a microgroove record with an ordinary point will readily agree. Then there are such considerations as "*dell' amplificatore Williamson*" (descriptive of one of the most generally admired amplifier circuits produced hereabouts in the last decade) relating to *distorsione* and *risposta lineare*. Seeking to make its

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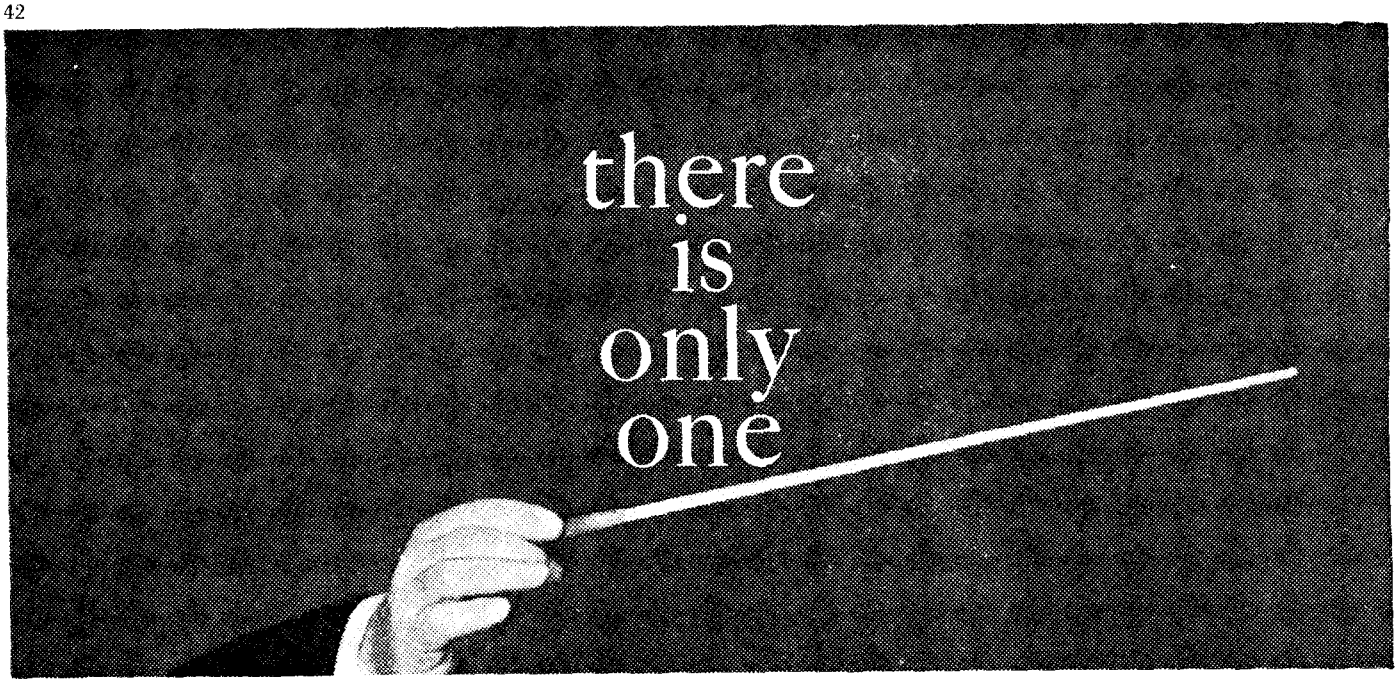

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comparisons perfectly clear, *Musica e dischi* also notes that certain products are regarded as standard in their field: Alfa Romeo for automobiles, Ziess for cameras. Likewise (for example) are Williamson, Leak, General Electric, Wharfedale, etc., which will be inviting inspection, along with all their contemporaries, at New York's Audio Fair.

Holland's *Luister* (*Listener*) provides the excellent vocal reviews of Leo Remens, also some sidelights on what Hollanders sound like when they talk high-fidelity. (The Dutch use the phrase as is, with no equivocation.) In a technical article devoted to a new motor on the Dutch market, *frequentie-deviatie* is deplored as productive of "*wow en flutter.*" And when Garrard, of London, wants to talk to its Dutch customers, it does so advertising-wise, about "*de High Fidelity wisselaar, rumble-vrije motor, General Electric high-fidelity element en voorvensteker.*" (Is translation necessary?) For that matter, I am almost induced to write for further literature on a component described as "*luidspreker in een basreflexkast.*" That promises rounder, more resonant results than any old loudspeaker in a bass-reflex cabinet that I have stumbled on so far.

Being substantially nearer at hand than any of these other places, it is hardly surprising that Mexico has responded even more dramatically to the appeal of products and vocabulary. A well-edited publication from Mexico City calling itself *LP* (and the symbolism of those letters is recognized the world around) has a section titled "*Alta-Fidelidad*" with which any gringo audiophile would feel perfectly at home. It is *presencia* (presence) which differentiates this new thing from "*Baja-Fidelidad*," we are reminded. Familiar praise is allotted, in advertising space, to pickups "*de reluctancia variable.*" *Amplificador* and *preamplificador* should have "*controles para graves y aguidos y selector de curvas*" (compensation), and the response—being again on this side of the Atlantic—should be "*de 20 a 20,000 ciclos.*" Leak here advertises its Ultrafidelidad speakers in terms of *respuesta, resonacia fundamental,* and *crossover* (not to mention *pesos*), and if you favor Altec-Lansing's amplifier A-340A, you are assured not only "*controles individuales, separado para bajos y agudos,*" but also provisions for "Play-Back."

Propinquity being the factor that it is, it is perhaps inevitable that Mexico should be the first Latin country to succumb to fashion, and schedule is own Audio Fair. According to information recently received from below the border, it has been arranged for November 3 to 6 in Mexico City. What is described as "the fashionable Hotel Reforma" will be utilized, and a full complement of committees has been set up under the direction of Mario R. Aguilar, prominent in Mexican electronic matters.

What with Mexico City's own altitude of 7,500 feet plus, this will doubtless be the highest hi-fi exhibit ever undertaken. We await with interest the reports on its results, how the effect of a speaker moving air of that density compares with one at sea level, the effects on muting switches, noise suppressors, and all the other minutiae that enthusiasts argue about when they compare notes.

THE hope here, however, is that it doesn't prove to be, at last, the answer to the high-fidelity fan's prayer. For it would be an inconvenience, to say the least, if one had to start looking for a residence at Mexico City's elevation in order to do justice to Fritz Heitmann's recording of a Bach organ fugue. Devotion to an ideal can, after all, be carried to extremes. (Henceforth reviews in *SR* might bear an inscription, "As heard at eighteen feet above sea level," since I review records in a first-floor walk-up.)

Where so much community of interest exists in respect to the equipment involved, it is hardly surprising to find that the end-product itself—the record—has become one of our most diligent International Travelers. The trade names RCA, Columbia, Capitol, Decca are as familiar in foreign publications as they are in our own, often enough attached to merchandise lately issued on the American market. This is especially true of jazz and popular music. Consult *Le Jazz Hot*, for example, and you are likely to find the only French titles in a page of releases to be Eartha Kitt doing "*C'est si bon*" and "*L'Homme.*" If a Frenchman doesn't know, as of now, what the expression "Over and Out" means, he likely will after absorbing the Shorty Rogers jazz fantasy with that jaunty title.

Holland's affection for American jazz is hardly less, though not so well-known, than France's. I was interested to note an appreciative comment lately on "*De Koning van Clarinet*, Benny Goodman," and even more engrossed by a discussion of "*en 'small combo'*" with which he had made these records. Appropriately, since the personnel involved was of the Krupa-Hampton-Wilson order, the reviewer described the matter in hand as "*twaalf* Goodman *combo-classics.*"

So far as I have been able to determine, Germany has not yet entered into the international aspects of hi-fi, doubtless for the reason that it has not yet developed an import-economy. To judge from samples of German equipment thus far marketed in America—radios in particular—they continue to excel in the production of highly selective radio tuners (one such Telefunken device, the "Opus 55," with which I had some experience during the summer, could produce Spain, Russia, Brazil, or Australia on request) rather than in improved speakers, amplifiers, etc. And the market, after all, has had other things to think of in the last decade of recovery.

Where the effects of war have been, for some time, finally absorbed, it is clear that American standards, American records (not only the ubiquitous LP, but also the kind called, internationally, Medium Play), and American artistry have solved the problem of Speaking to Others. In fact, in the creation of a language needed to convey the qualities of something universally desired, hi-fi has pointed a way that statesmen might ponder. Namely, if something is wanted enough, a way of arriving at an understanding of it will be found.

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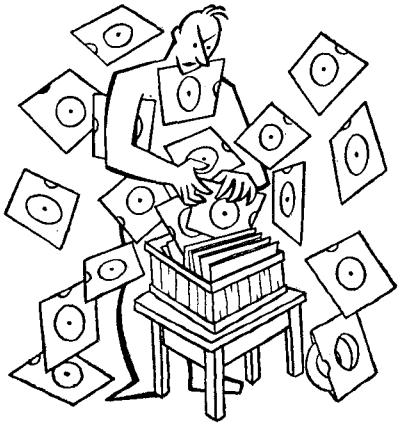

—Part of an ad for the Sonofiel Shop in the magazine LP *(Mexico City).*

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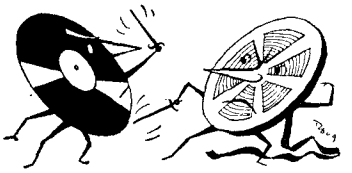
Upward and Onward with Disc and Tape



By R. S. LANIER

THE SCEPTICAL rule that the louder the hullabaloo an enterprise makes the less real progress it is probably making fortunately does not fit the high-fidelity movement. The shouts of the hi-fi industry have become practically deafening to everybody within range. But the art of recording and reproducing sound, in its commercial embodiment, is taking genuine forward steps. The technical excitement generated over the past ten years, instead of having run its course, is currently building even higher as new devices for the hi-fi fan crowd up over the horizon.

This high rate of progress springs directly from competition, not only that between firms in the field but that between the two extant recording systems, tape and disc. While the making and sale of disc recordings have their greatest booms in history, pressing toward them like a juggernaut is tape recording, armed with some powerful superiorities and attractions. And, although to some extent the tape-disc struggle is intramural, with large firms fully immersed in both systems, there are enough elements in the industry with commitment to one or the other to provide a strong spur to technical advance.

Everybody has known for a long time the potentials of tape: very long uninterrupted playing time, high fidelity, freedom from wear and noise. These potentials have not yet won for tape a triumph over discs, as a medium for bringing commercially-produced music into the home, that some sectors of the tape industry foresaw three and more years ago. Discs are easier to use than tape; they are cheaper; but more important, the large record manufacturers, who would have to jump heavily into pre-recorded tape to make it a sweeping movement, have so far held off completely or come in but experimentally. At least twenty smaller firms are now turning out pre-recorded tape and some are doing extremely well. But their catalogues and total volume are both very small next to today's disc boom.

Meanwhile, tape is making big strides technically. Its great superiority in convenience as an on-the-spot recording medium has turned it into a major industry. This superiority has given it one important beach-head in home hi-fi: tape machines are going great as the means for recording radio.

TAPE MACHINES: Machines for playing tape in the home have improved very fast in the last two years. The pressure of the widespread interest in, and the knowledge of, high-fidelity has obviously put machine development under forced draft. We now have several categories of tape machines: (a) the all-purpose record-and-playback unit of medium fidelity, selling for less than $200, which is finding an immense market and innumerable uses with home hobbyists, in business, in journalism, in education; (b) record-playback units of genuine high-fidelity which do not include power amplifiers and speakers, priced from about $200 to $550, intended for connection into hi-fi systems, which are selling in really large quantities for top-quality off-the-air recording noted above (Daystrom, Berlant, Magnecord, Ampex, and others); (c) playback-only units, priced from about $80 up ("tape phonographs"), which can be connected into hi-fi systems to play pre-recorded tapes (Livingston, Ampex).

What the tape industry—the firms making tape and those producing pre-recorded tapes—believe would open up the home-music market substantially to them is a playback-only tape-phonograph of good fidelity selling for about $50. There are rumors that something like this is soon to come.

Two of the important recent advances in machine design are (a) more attention to getting the magnetic heads lined up exactly square to the tape ("azimuth adjustment") and (b) the heads with extremely narrow gaps (a quarter of a thousandth of an inch), which make it possible to get high frequencies off the tape at slower speeds. For azimuth adjustment, test tapes are now available which tell the manufacturer or user immediately whether or not the heads are perfectly square. This alignment perfection is vital to top quality, as many machine-owners with very slightly misaligned heads found when they started playing pre-recorded tapes. (Tapes they made themselves, since they were played with the same misalignment, sounded all right.)

TAPES: The latest development in the tape itself, a more expensive, thinner tape on a tough plastic backing which runs 50 per cent longer for the same reel space, has won a surprising market among the off-the-air recordists. This is a "polyester" backing, as contrasted with the "acetate" backing which has been standard for several years. Evidently the polyester's higher strength and greater resistance to change from humidity and temperature variation are important to the recording fan. Its success will give added impetus to the development work on tape backings now under way in a number of laboratories.

Development work is well advanced on another aid to the progress of tape: a tape cartridge which is "self-winding," that is, a container of tape which can be slipped onto a machine and played without threading the tape from reel to reel, ending up with the tape in the cartridge rewound and ready to go again. General use of such a device depends, among other things, on modifications to the playing machine which have not yet been scheduled by any large number of manufacturers.

DISCS: With tape making successful forays into the long standing stronghold, the makers of discs and disc-playing equipment are strengthening defenses in a number of directions. The general technical level of the records themselves is well above that of a couple of years ago, a consequence largely of the much more general use of the "feedback cutter" in recording studios. This device takes a small sample of its "output" back to the "input" as a corrective signal, just as a negative-feedback amplifier does. It has produced records with lowered distortion, and with more consistency in reaching the very high frequencies, 13,000-15,000 cycles, as compared with records of the earlier period.

One of the small record manufacturers (Cook) has just announced a new process for molding records, which starts with the plastic in a powdered form to get what the manufacturer claims is a practically noise-free record surface. If this works out as hoped, discs may be able to match tape in the matter of quiet operation.

Another major disc development now being bruited about is a drop of stylus size on microgroove pickups. The present microgroove stylus has a tip radius of one mil (one-thousandth of an inch). A number of engineering

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voices have been raised to point out that a stylus of one-half-mil radius would give increased clarity on the very high frequencies, particularly at the inside of the record where the groove wiggles representing the top frequencies become extremely small. One pickup manufacturer, Pickering, is already making one-half-mil styli available. The idea is that practically all the present microgroove records can be played, and played better, with the smaller stylus.

A stylus with such a sharp point must have very little downward force on it to avoid pushing into the record material, and the pickup manufacturers are active in meeting this need, too. Several new pickups are appearing this fall, or will soon appear, which although of rugged design will nonetheless stay in the record groove with stylus force of only two or three grams. This reduction in "tracking force" is a boon with styli of any size, naturally.

Among these pickups is at least one which has been designed according to new conceptions of desirable frequency range—it is absolutely "flat" to 30,000 cycles per second! The manufacturer, Pickering, says that this response about an octave beyond anything that is on the record, or that can be heard by the human ear, is vital to eliminate any coloration of the response in the audible range, and to make the stylus so easy to vibrate at high frequencies that the tiny highs are not wiped off the record—the record will keep its "sheen."

THESE pickup and stylus developments will become even more important if and when a rumored and startling disc emerges from the lab—one that turns at 16⅔ rpm! A major record manufacturer is said to be working on this, to make a disc with an hour of music *on each side*. At the slower surface speeds of this record, the high-frequencies will be even smaller than they are on the present microgroove records, and the one-half-mil stylus will probably be a necessity.

Finally, to discuss an element common to both tape and disc systems, we can add a note of certainty to the prediction of an "electrostatic revolution" made in this department in June. Development of this radically new type of loudspeaker has come along very fast this year. Some are already on the market, and others of even more startling characteristics are due early this fall. This is a substantial advance in the art. When you add it to the ferment of activity in both tape and disc techniques, you will admit that the shouting hi-fi industry has something to shout about.

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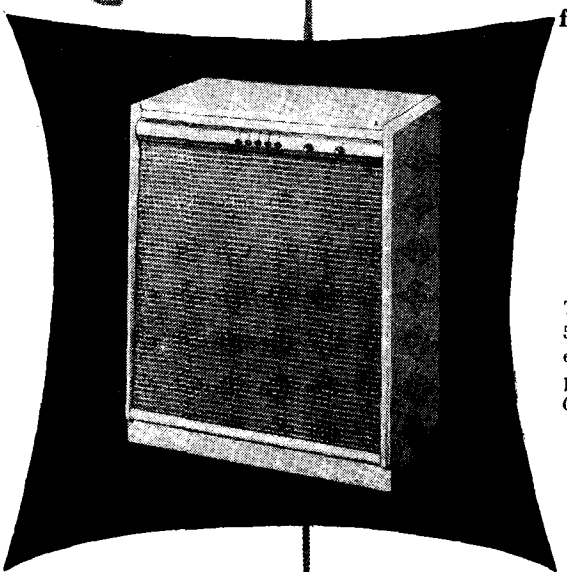

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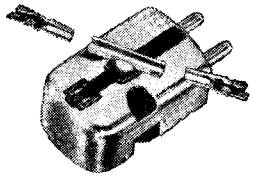

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Audio Fair and Unfair

By EDGAR VILLCHUR

THERE is no better way to prepare for an Audio Fair than to attend a concert beforehand. With such a reference standard one is in less danger of being wooed by the dramatic, exciting Fair sounds to the point where normal musical values go by the board.

There are those to whom high-fidelity is a means of achieving an aural stimulation and satisfaction unobtainable in the concert hall. I don't protest: they have their reward. But for most of us sound reproduction is an imitative rather than a creative process, and is most successful when it produces sensations something like those experienced at the live concert. A fresh memory of live music can be like a talisman to the Fairgoer, warding off the black magic of hi-fi sound which is more startling than it is faithful.

Consider, for example, the question of how loud the reproduced sound should be. If we want music reproduced in close imitation of the original we usually want the volume to be at approximately concert level. Unfortunately, the latter expression has at times been taken to mean the sound level that would be achieved if an orchestra were somehow crowded into the living room, and allowed to blast away. It is, of course, nothing of the sort; concert level refers to the loudness of sound as we would hear it in the concert hall (and this from a good seat, not from the middle of the brass choir). This is not ear-shattering volume. One can imagine the effect of a member of the concert audience rustling papers or carrying on a whispered conversation with his neighbor—even during loud passages such sounds are definitely competitive with the music, and annoying. But there are hi-fi demonstrations during which conversation, whispered or otherwise, is precluded by the savage radiations of the loud-speaker. It would be necessary to shout above the roar.

The ability of sound equipment to produce tremendous volume, like high horsepower in an automobile engine, is very impressive, but it must not be accepted as a substitute for musical quality. And if records or tapes are consistently played at higher than concert level it becomes difficult to judge quality. The real "A-B" comparison, the reproduced music against a memory of the concert hall sound, falls down. G. A. Briggs has the right idea in demonstrating live and reproduced music together (as at Carnegie Hall this October 9).

Another matter in which the Fairgoer must not allow himself to be misguided is that related to the reproduction of frequency extremes. We are seeking a musically natural bass, mid-range and treble, and we cannot accept boomy or strident reproduc-

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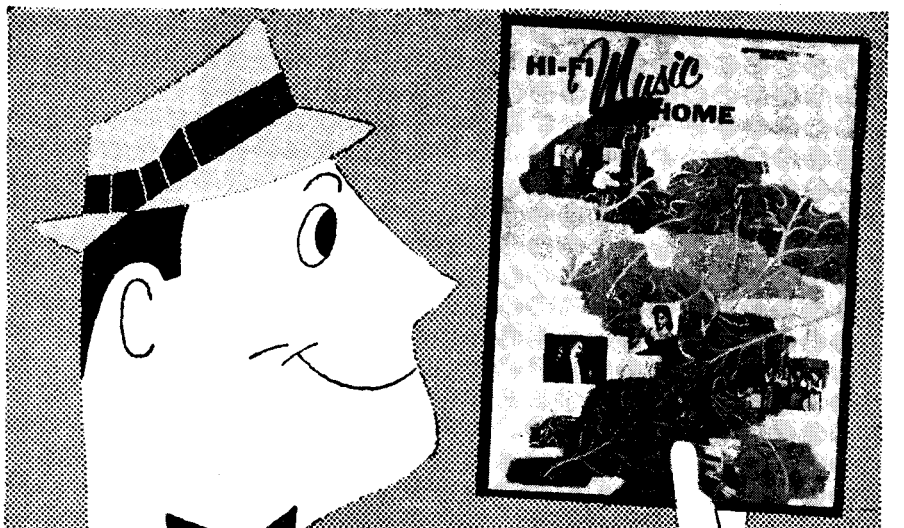
tion just because there is more bass or more treble than on ordinary radios.

It is true that one of the most important characteristics of high-quality sound equipment is the ability to reproduce all or most of the musical frequency spectrum uniformly, both the range of tones covered by musical notation, and their overtones. Inferior equipment is likely to render strings and brass with a dulled timbre, to miss the tinkle of the triangle. But this does not mean that violins should sound raspy or that the triangle should clang as though next to one's ears. It is not the audio system on which triangles sound the loudest, but the one in which triangles take their proper musical place, that has the better treble response.

THE FAIR visitor can expect to hear snatches of music taken from every age and style—Bach on ancient organs, popular jazz, or Bartok orchestral work. Then there are the hi-fi gimmick records, with collections of sounds both musical and non-musical —high- and low-pitched percussive instruments, sounds of fog horns and trains, sounds that are meant to be listened to just for the sensuous pleasure of hearing them, and for the satisfaction of knowing that one's audio equipment is doing a difficult job. Many of these records are useful in revealing certain equipment capabilities, at least to the practiced ear, but they don't provide the proper means for evaluating a sound reproducing system. Undoubtedly the best program material to use in demonstrating musical reproduction is music. Gimmick records are fun but not as a steady diet, and startling sound doesn't necessarily reflect fine equipment.

Thus, the Fair visitor who is seriously interested in forming some sort of opinion about the relative merits of different exhibits should come forearmed, to the extent that he can be, with the remembered sound of the real thing as a standard. (*Not* the remembered sound of another reproducing system.) Unfortunately aural memory is generally quite poor, and the character of the standard tends to be influenced by the canned music that is heard. If a particular unit creates a favorable impression it is a good idea to listen to it for a fairly long period of time, and then to go away, listen to competitive units, and return later. Some types of reproduced sound hold up with time, or even grow on one, while others may produce an excellent first impression but become tiring after a while. High volume and a lot of treble have a powerful but often misleading effect.



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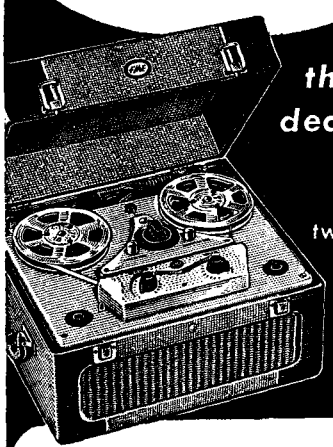

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The Audio Bookshelf

By HAROLD LAWRENCE

THE mortality rate of music yearbook enterprises is notoriously high. Few if any of the postwar crop of annuals have lasted more than three seasons. Allen, Towne, and Heath brought out two volumes of **"The Year in American Music"** (1946-7, 1948) which set down events in strict chronicle form and included a supplement listing active American composers, opera companies, symphonic organizations, books, recordings, awards, obituaries, and an index. Penguin's three issues, **"Music 1950," "Music 1951,"** and **"Music 1952"** made no attempt at such comprehensiveness. Many of the subjects were hardly what one would expect to find in an annual. For example, there were articles on Hugo Wolf, a discussion of tempi, a "letter to William Byrd," and a piece on Thomas Hardy and music. Despite the presence of reports on the year's books, records, and concerts, the Penguin series amounted to an expanded music magazine, more readable perhaps than "The Year in American Music" but less informative.

Midway between these two approaches is a new survey entitled **"Music and Recordings, 1955"** (Oxford University Press, $4.95). Written and edited by Frederic V. Grunfeld (music and record critic, known for his commentary programs on the NBC and Mutual Networks, for his *Music Magazine* on WQXR as well as writing in *SR*) it covers music in America during the year ending last June. The almanac, which in most yearbooks comprises the body of the publication, is here relegated to the back pages. In its place are articles on the year's activities in the fields of opera, film music, the concert business, books, recordings, symphony orchestras, etc. In addition to reporting significant happenings, the editors (Grunfeld and his associate editor, Quaintance Eaton) have taken the long view, linking related subjects, commenting on trends and summing up achievements. More than half the book is devoted to records. This section "aims to provide a useful guide and reference for collectors. . . . The entries represent the editors' choice of what is outstanding or noteworthy—and in that sense recommended—among the LPs of the season." Since the records reviewed are only of 1954-5 vintage, the chapter can be of little value to the music lover who, confronted with the voluminous listings in the LP catalogue, looks for recommendations of the best LPs since 1948. The three-tome **"Guide to Long-Playing Records"** (Alfred A. Knopf) would be more in order. Otherwise, Grunfeld has written an astute, entertaining, and deftly-phrased set of reviews which necessarily avoid "good-better-best comparisons."

Major symphony orchestras in the United States, first performances, summer music in America, music in New York are some of the other subjects that round out a well-organized annual adorned with sixteen excellent photographs. The dust jacket refers to the contents as a "permanent reference book." Then why no standard reference index?

David Hall's **"The Disc Book"** (Long Player Publications, $7.50) contains an index, but to get to it you have to thumb through thirty-two pages of advertisements. Following close on the heels of the Knopf "Guide," this latest critical survey of LPs (a one-volume opus) also contains many categories not included in the former publication. A pioneer in the field, Hall wrote his first record book in 1940. It was for some time the most extensive (1,395 pages) work of its kind produced. A revised edition appeared in 1948, and two years later Hall turned out an entirely new book discussing records issued during 1948-50. The added features of the "Disc Book" are a summary in alphabetical order of "some of the more important and interesting record labels represented on the American market," with comments on the general quality and type of product; a helpful list of catalogues (with addresses), reference books, and magazines; a suggested basic library of LPs; and twenty-nine chapters dealing with the history of music from the Gregorian Chant to the contemporary scene.

UNLIKE Knopf's "Guide," the re- under such headings as, "Conductors and Orchestras," "Choral Ensembles," "Some Pianists," "The Violoncello and its Practitioners," etc. An introductory paragraph or two discussing in general terms the merits of each artist or organization usually concludes with the following words: "Heartily recommended are the discs listed below:" In many cases, the list takes up more space than the critical commentary.

Such a format is bound to disappoint

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the discophile interested in work-by-work evaluations. Particularly when confronted with such sweeping statements as: "Kempff knows his Beethoven from A to Z. . .", Victoria de los Angeles is "one of the finest singing artists of this or any other time," and Gerhard Hüsch is "one of the great singing artists of this or any other time."

Mr. Hall, who is classical recording and repertoire director for Mercury Records, is responsible for many splendid sonic achievements. Pride in his product, however, has led him to inject an element of chauvinism into his record reviews: "Capitol has obviously sought to rival the Mercury 'Living Presence' technique of recording here [in Pittsburgh], and in a number of instances . . . has come mighty close to the mark."

On the plus side, Hall and his editor and co-author Abner Levin have gathered a great deal of information, much of it of practical value; *e.g.*, thumbnail sketches of artists, panorama of recording companies, 153-page survey of music with recommended records, basic LP library, and a full index.

Turning from discs to audio, a revised edition of Edward Tatnall Canby's **"Home Music Systems: How to Build and Enjoy Them"** (Harper, $3.95) brings up to date his 1953 volume. At first glance there seems little difference between the First and the Revised Editions. The chapters all bear the same titles, with only one exception. However, closer scrutiny bears out the author's statement that "changes in detail have been enormous, requiring alteration, page by page, line by line, word by word, model by model, straight through the volume." In two years, there have been many new developments in the field as well as a modification in attitude toward "high fidelity"—subjects which Canby deals with in the added chapter, "Today and Tomorrow." Certain things in "Home Music Systems" have suffered no alterations: they are Canby's infectious enthusiasm for audiology and his knack for explaining technical matters in terms any layman can understand.

Judging from Chapter I, **"Repairing Record Changers"** (McGraw-Hill, $5.95) should be given the subtitle: "The Serviceman's Companion." After stating the fact that few servicemen know how to fix record changers, author E. Eugene Ecklund goes on to extoll record changer servicing as "relatively clean and physically easy." Further on are tips on customer relations: "Your hat should be removed in front of women and in the house . . . If the serviceman becomes dirty from working, he should ask permission to wash up in the kitchen . . . At all times the serviceman should exhibit an air of confidence. If a questionable point occurs, he may stall for time by engaging in conversation or by operating the record changer in a manner which will not damage the unit . . ." (Pretty crafty, eh?)

The reader then proceeds confidently into the body of the book where technical information on tripping, record-dropping, and shutoff mechanisms is explained with like lucidity. There is a generous sprinkling of drawings, diagrams and photographs. Mr. Ecklund has gone into his subject with much thoroughness.

Twenty-six of the liveliest articles that have appeared in *High Fidelity* magazine over the past four years have been assembled by its managing editor, Roy H. Hoopes, jr, in the **"High Fidelity Reader"** (Hanover House, $3.50). Sandwiched in between a pair of hi-fi-bugs-is-the-craziest-peoples essays ("Hi-Ho Fidelity" and "I am a Hi-Fi Wife") are some well-written pages on virtually every facet of sound reproduction. The editor "helps" the reader along his way with a "narration" (in bold face type) at the conclusion of each chapter, summing up previous articles and hinting at those to come. This reviewer found the sleeve-tugging objectionable.

Yehudi Menuhin

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*BEETHOVEN: *Symphonies Nos. 2 and 8 (Scherchen).* Westminster WL-5362.
*BEETHOVEN: *Symphonies Nos. 5 and 8 (Steinberg).* Capitol P-8298.
*BERLIOZ: *"Symphonie Fantastique" (Munch).* RCA-Victor LM-1900.
BRAHMS: *Symphony No. 4 (Toscanini).* RCA LM-1713.
*COPLAND: *"Billy the Kid," "Rodeo," etc. (Mitchell).* Westminster 5286.
DVORAK: *"New World" Symphony (Toscanini).* RCA LM- 1778.
FRANCK: *Symphony (Furtwängler).* London LL-967.
GOLDMARK: *"Rustic Wedding" (Beecham).* Columbia ML-4626.
HAYDN: *"Military" Symphony.* Westminster WL-5045.
IPPOLITOW-IVANOW: *"Caucasian Sketches" (Malko).* RCA LBC-1019.
*OFFENBACHIANA: *Arranged by Rosenthal (Rosenthal).* Remington 199-188.
PROKOFIEV: *"Lt. Kije" Suite (Scherchen).* Westminster WL-5091.
*RACHMANINOFF: *Symphony No. 3 (Ormandy).* Columbia ML-4961.
*RAVEL: *"Daphnis et Chloe" complete. (Munch).* RCA LM-1893.
RIMSKY-KORSAKOV: *"Capriccio Espagnole" (Scherchen).* Westminster LAB-7002.
ROSSINI: *"William Tell" overture, etc. (Toscanini).* RCA LRM-7054.
*SCHUBERT: *Symphony in C (Barbirolli).* RCA LBC-1085.
*STRAUSS: *"Ein Heldenleben" (Ormandy).* Columbia ML-4887.
STRAUSS: *"Also Sprach Zarathustra" (Reiner).* RCA LM-1806.
STRAVINSKY: *"Sacre du Printemps" (Steinberg).* Capitol P-8254.
TCHAIKOVSKY: *Symphony No. 5 (Van Kempen)* Epic LC-3013.
*TCHAIKOVSKY: *"Swan Lake" (Stokowski).* RCA LM-1894.
TCHAIKOVSKY: *"Nutcracker" complete (Dorati).* Mercury OL-2-101.
*WAGNER: *Miscellaneous Excerpts (Beecham).* Columbia 3ML-4962.

CONCERTI

*BEETHOVEN: *Concerto in E flat (Backhaus).* London LL-879.
BRUCH: *Concerto in G minor (Milstein).* Capitol 8243.
CHOPIN: *Concerto in F minor (Novaes).* VOX 7100.
PAGANINI: *Concerto No. 2 (Menuhin).* RCA LHMV-1015.
*RACHMANINOFF: *Concerto No. 1 (De Groot).* Epic LC-3145.
RACHMANINOFF: *Concerto No. 2 (Anda).* Angel 35045.
*TCHAIKOVSKY: *Concerto in D (Oistrakh).* Decca DL-9755.

OPERATIC

*PUCCINI: *"Mme. Butterfly" (De Los Angeles).* RCA Victor LM-6121.
MASCAGNI: *"Cavalleria" (Callas).* Angel 3509.
MOUSSORGSKY: *"Boris" (Christoff).* RCA LHMV-1052.
*STRAUSS, J.: *"Nacht in Venedig" (Schwarzkopf).* Angel 3530.
STRAUSS, R.: *"Salome" (Goltz).* London 1038-9.
VERDI: *"Trovatore" (Milanov, Warren, etc.).* RCA LM-6008.
*WAGNER: *"Tristan und Isolde" (Flagstad, Furtwängler).* RCA LM-6700.

KEYBOARD

BEETHOVEN: *"Waldstein" (Gieseking).* Angel 35024.
CHOPIN: *Preludes (Novaes).* VOX PL-6170.
*DEBUSSY: *Complete Works (Casadesus).* Columbia SL-222.
LISZT: *Rhapsodies (Farnadi).* Westminster WL-213.
*RAVEL: *Sonata for Piano and Violin (Druian, Simms).* Mercury 70000.
*SCARLATTI: *Sonatas (Kirkpatrick).* Columbia 3 SL-221.

VOCAL

GRIEG: *Songs (Flagstad).* RCA LM-99.
*MONTSALVATGE: etc.: *Spanish Songs (Merriman).* Angel 35208.
*SCHUMANN: *"Dichterliebe" (Dermota).* Telefunken LGX-66023.
*STRAUSS, R.: *"Arabella" excerpts (Schwarzkopf).* Angel 35194.
*VERDI: *Requiem (Toscanini).* RCA LM-6018. —I. K.

*Additions to last year's listing.

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Lend Me Your Ears

How to Talk to Your Audio-dealer

By JIMMY CARROLL

EDITOR'S NOTE: *We called on Jimmy Carroll of Harvey Radio, one of the best-known audio "customer's men" in New York, to explain what you ought to tell your audio dealer when you come in to buy hi-fi equipment.*

I WOULD say there are two main ways of approaching your audio dealer to give him the information he needs to help you get what you want. Remember that we sell a great variety of brands over a very wide range of prices. Thus, the job in audio selling, much more than in most other fields, is finding a combination of units that will satisfy the customer *at his price.*

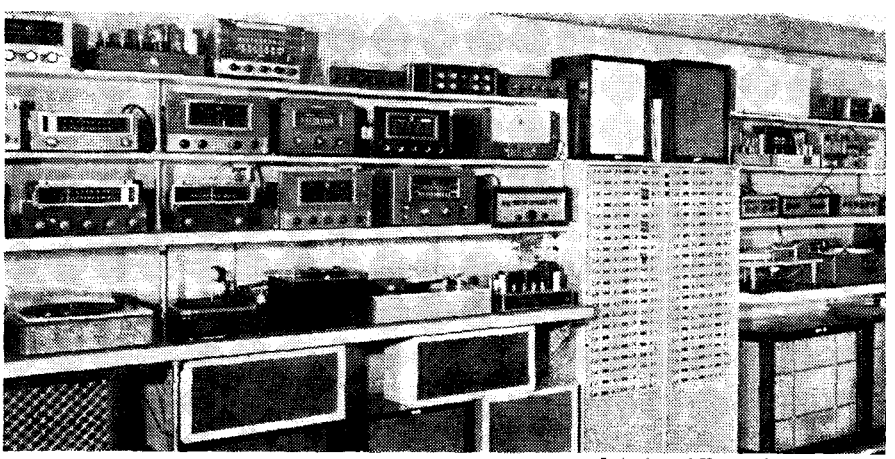
The hundreds of units of widely varying characteristics and prices on our shelves make the job difficult, if not downright impossible, if you come in and say, "play a few systems for me until I hear one I like." There are literally thousands of possible combinations. Moreover, we can always dazzle you by jumping from a medium-priced system to one at ten times the price. But this is not a realistic or useful method. Who comes into an audio shop, or any other kind for that matter, prepared to spend either $200 or $2,000, depending on which system seems better? A customer subjected to this approach will be thoroughly confused in a few minutes. He will not be able to evaluate the qualities of units he can afford, and will probably leave the shop without any system at all, feeling depressed and baffled.

If you are not familiar enough with the various hi-fi units to know something about what you want, tell us right at the beginning the total amount you want to spend. Tell us also what program sources you want—radio, tape, discs, or all three. Tell us the size of the room you expect to use the system in, and how much "soft" material—rugs, drapes, upholstered furniture—it has in it.

Then we can demonstrate for you in ten minutes or so two or three systems of differing tonal quality in your price range, including something just a little better. Your reactions to this demonstration will have real significance.

If you, on the other hand, have some familiarity with the available hi-fi units, and have worked with catalogues or advertisements to make a list of choices which add up to your price, tell us about this at the beginning. We can immediately switch together the systems you have in mind and let you hear them. We can advise you about the "compatibility" of the units you are interested in, and suggest substitutes of similar price and performance if any you have chosen are technically unsuitable. Again, in ten minutes or so we can come very close to giving you what you want, and at your price.

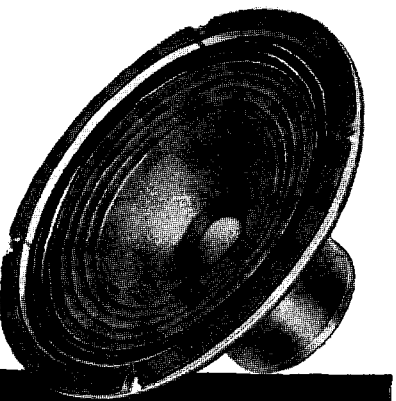
HERE I want to turn some attention on a point that is apparently very little recognized. The demonstration of hi-fi systems in the audio salesroom is far more than a selling "gimmick," *because people fall into very definite classes in their tastes in reproduced sound.* Long experience has beaten into us the fact that we must find out early in the proceedings to which class you belong or we will



—*Interior of Harvey's New York.*

"There are literally thousands of combinations."

Especially where space is limited



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not be able to satisfy you permanently. Our demonstrations are designed to get this information.

And I want to emphasize strongly that there is no character of "better" or "worse" that can be attached to these classes. None is superior or inferior to any other. They are just different, and so different that a person in one class will become increasingly unhappy with equipment that produces a different class of sound, after he gets his system home.

I remember a very well-known entertainer in popular music who came in full of phrases from high-fidelity articles to tell us the quality of sound he wanted. We set up a system for him, but in a very short time he began to complain that it didn't sound right—it was dead, lifeless, no oomph. We struggled to improve performance, still working toward what he had told us in the beginning. Nothing helped until he told us about a system he *did* like. When we listened to this we found, of course, that it was at the opposite pole from what we had tried to give him. We made changes; he is happy; we are happy.

The discussion of these taste classes would take a lot of space and get us into deep technical water. I can say that they differ principally in the balance of highs and lows as related to the mid-range, and in the degrees of resonance or weight in the reproduction. To help us find what you want listen not only to the middle-range notes, which usually first get your attention because they occur much more frequently in music, but also to the low bass and high treble. The only sure way to get a line on your taste trend is by the *comparison method.* Listen closely to the bass and resonance of one speaker, for instance, and then to the same qualities in the next one we play for you. The *differences* between the two speakers will give you reference points for charting what you like.

One trap that some people fall into is to be taken by very strong, superbrilliant highs at first hearing. Often when they get such a system home, with the speaker in a smaller room and probably closer to them, the brilliant highs seem more and more screechy as time goes on. This is particularly true if the listening room is on the "hard" side, with bare floor and walls. The opposite can happen, of course; if the listening room is full of drapes, upholstered furniture, and thick rugs the system will sound duller than it did in the salesroom.

One thing I am sure of: if we find out what you like, we can make you happy. So lend me *your* ears.

The Major Miller Mood

"Miller's ideas ran to the ultimate."

THAT long serial-story which has run through two sizable Glenn Miller Memorial Albums as well as numerous individual LPs has finally reached an approximate conclusion in RCA Victor album LPT-6702, containing five full LPs drawn from the files of the Glenn Miller Army Air Force Band. "Approximate" it is in the sense that the wonderful playing herein utilized came from the period when the band was still based in America. It doubtless attained further distinction in the many months in Europe before and after the unfortunate accident in which Miller lost his life.

But there is all the evidence at hand to show that what is remembered of that superb organization—upward of fifty men, what with arrangers, copyists, instrument repair men, etc.—is accurate: that it attained the highest precision, polish, and refinement ever known in the playing of American popular music, while retaining enough jazz flavor to make the final sound inimitable. And the procession of sides shows, too, that Miller's own skill and sensitivity in these areas was greater than ever in the last work he did.

For those who are unaware, the circumstances may be recalled. Glenn Miller, civilian tycoon earning more money than he ever had in his life, became Captain Glenn Miller in October 1942, at the usual Army pay. This was part of a plan by (the then head of the AAF Technical Training Command) General Yount to expand and modernize the training of Air Force musicians. (Yount was also involved in the assignment of Cpl. Samuel Barber to the AAF, where he wrote a well-remembered symphony.) Miller had a high priority to requisition musicians as they were drafted, and took with him a nucleus of men from his own band: the sterling Jerry Gray, arranger extraordinary; bassist Trigger Alpert; and trumpeter Zeke Zarchy, who became first sergeant of the organization. Later came vocalist Tex Benecke. By June of 1943 the fine comb of the draft (plus numerous volunteers) had added such outstanding performers as drummer Ray McKinley, pianist Mel Powell, guitarist Carmen Mastren, trumpeters Bernie Privin and Bobby Nichols, reed man Peanuts Hucko, vocalist Johnny Desmond, etc.

Since Miller's ideas ran to the ultimate, he integrated what was basically a hand-picked dance orchestra with a string section made up of the best young (they had to be young to be of military age) players from the nation's symphony orchestras: George Ockner, David Sackson, Maurice Bialkin, Harry Katzman, Henry Brynan, and Stan Harris are a half-dozen names known to me (from membership in the NBC Symphony, a prominent string quartet, the Cleveland Symphony, etc.) from the total of twenty in the organization. Add to arranger Gray such others as Ralph Wilkinson and Norman Leyden (who graduated to become composer of the background music for "The $64,000 Question"), technical director George Voutsas (known now for his fine work on many NBC programs), and the vocal ensemble called the Crew Chiefs, and you have an array of manpower unlikely ever to work in conjunction save in the special circumstances that existed.

As time went on the plans for the Air Force music program got sidetracked in the shuffle of global war, but nothing could sidetrack Miller from reaching out to new musical horizons. With "duty time" being spent in rehearsals and preparations for a weekly broadcast, the opportunities for working and reworking the

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old Miller library were eagerly utilized. That, however, was only a part, if a large one, of the library that was finally assembled for performance in hundreds of broadcasts, concerts, benefits, and special functions in clubs, hospitals, outdoor areas, airplane hangars, etc. As noted in George Simon's excellent annotation (a longtime writer on jazz, editor of *Metronome,* and free-lance producer of jazz albums, Simon was himself a member of the Miller military organization), in a little over a year abroad it gave more than 800 performances. Fortunately, the broadcasts—both in the American and European phases—were transcribed for re-broadcast from American bases around the world, and it is that stockpile which provides the material of the present album. RCA's engineers have processed it with masterful efficiency to a very good likeness of today's highest fi.

As one who saw the Glenn Miller Air Force Band grow from the proverbial gleam in the parent's eye to lusty manhood, this vibrant renewal of its existence is all but priceless. But without such sentiment or personal interest, on a cool evaluation of the actual music performed, I'd say it was just about as fine a specimen of Americana as popular music has produced. I don't know what Simon left out, but what he has included shows all phases of the Major Miller Mood—a romantic "Moondreams," a virile "Air Force Song," a bouncing "Over There," an aptly acted "G.I. Jive" by Ray McKinley, treasurable arrangements — perfectly played — of such standard favorites as "Star Dust," "Deep Purple," "Stormy Weather," "People Will Say We're in Love," "Begin the Beguine," "The Way You Look Tonight," and every so often the sound of the leader's own voice introducing the components of the "Something Old, Something New" medleys.

Needless to say, it is the use of the strings which differentiate the sound of these performances from those in the Memorial Albums, but—let it not be forgotten—Miller had never had such a drummer as McKinley, or a pianist like Powell, or a vocalist of Desmond's quality. Hence the appeal of these new versions of even such things as the "Anvil Chorus," "Song of the Volga Boatmen," "Tuxedo Junction," "Goin' Home," "Juke Box Saturday Night," and "In the Mood" from his own library is quite special.

If one can only speculate on the kind of music Miller might have gone on to play after the war, here at least is a long-awaited, much-valued evidence of the kind he did play when he had the fullest opportunity: jaunty, warm, self-assured, and full of sentiment, yet never sentimental. —IRVING KOLODIN

In your audio dealer's demonstration room where loudspeakers are lined up all in a military row . . . look for the speaker with the large, silvery dural dome in the center. Ear-test it with special care. This is the Jim Lansing Signature D130 – the 15" Extended Range Speaker with 4" voice coil of edge-wound aluminum ribbon. The coil is attached directly to the 4" dural dome. Together they give the piston assembly exceptional rigidity. This is one reason why bass tones sound so crisp and clean . . . why the highs so smooth . . . the mid-range so well-defined. You will find the D130 to be as distinguished to your ear as it is to your eye.

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Audio Fair Forecast

THE Seventh Annual Audio Fair will, as usual, be conducted in the Hotel New Yorker, at 34th Street and Eighth Avenue, beginning on October 13 and extending through October 16. As last year's innovation proved popular, the public will be accommodated on Saturday night and all day Sunday, as well as on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday. On weekdays the exhibits will be on view from 1:00 P.M. to 10:00 P.M. On Sunday the public is invited to come in at noon and browse till exhaustion, or till 6:00 P.M.—whichever comes first.

As in the past, the Audio Engineering Society will hold its annual convention in conjunction with the Fair, with technical papers and discussions during the morning hours. This year, we are advised by Fair officials, the Saturday sessions will be of "direct interest to the users of high-fidelity equipment, and there will be a special reduced attendance charge covering the Saturday sessions only" (admission to the Fair itself is, of course, without charge). The Saturday session, for those who may be interested, will include a symposium on "High Fidelity, Good or Bad," with such speakers as Norman C. Pickering, Mitchell A. Cotter of the Consumers Union, and Julian D. Hirsch and Milton Weiss of the Audio League. The afternoon session will deal with Audio Equipment.

KEY: *Asterisk denotes first-time exhibitor. Figure in parentheses indicates number of years an exhibitor has been represented at the Fair.*

ACRO PRODUCTS CO. (5) New Ultra-Linear circuits and transformers for high power utilizing the Type 6550, 6CA7, and EL54 tubes.

ACOUSTIC RESEARCH, INC. (2) The Acoustic Research woofer in combination with the Janszen electrostatic tweeter.

ALTEC LANSING CORPORATON. (7) A series of new packaged high-fidelity systems with Altec components; a series of low-price high-fidelity speakers using new "Biflex" cone; other Altec tuners, amplifiers, speaker systems.

AMERICAN ELITE, INC. (2) Radio-phonograph console combinations.

AMI INCORPORATED. (1) Coin-operated phonographs.

AMPEX CORPORATION. (7) The Ampex 612 Stereophonic Tape Phonograph.

AMPRO CORPORATION. (3) Hi-fi tape recorders, portable and console models.

AUDAK COMPANY. (7) New extra-high output pickup cartridges and high-quality recording cutters.

AUDIO DEVICES, INC. (7) Expanded line of longer recording "Audiotape" on a base of one mil "Mylar."

THE AUDIO EXCHANGE, INC. (4) Latest audio equipment, including Audio Exchange dual-amplifying system with variable crossover.

AUDIOGERSH CORPORATION. (2) New accessories for Miracord and Miraphon; special brass turntable and pickup adapter.

BEAM INSTRUMENTS CORP. (6) New models Quad amplifiers and Stentorian speakers; new Beam "Whitehall" system.

BELL SOUND SYSTEMS, INC. (7) New tape recorder, FM tuner, and amplifiers.

BERLANT—CONCERTONE. (5) Complete tape sound-systems; stereo-automatic professional recorders; sound-on-sound recorders; lip-synch recorders for matching sound on movie film.

DAVID BOGEN CO., INC. (5) New FM-AM and FM tuners; new preamplifier and amplifiers; new record player.

R. T. BOZAK CO. (5) High-quality loudspeaker systems.

BROCINER ELECTRONICS CORP. (7) New Mark 10 integrated 10-watt amplifier; the Lowther TP-1, new horn-loaded corner-speaker system.

BROWNING LABORATORIES, INC. (7) New, highly flexible AM-FM tuner; new AM tuner for high fidelity on standard and international shortwave bands.

CAPEHART-FARNSWORTH CORP. (3) New high-fidelity instruments with Capehart Colortone control.

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COLUMBIA RECORDS. (3) New console and portable radio-phonographs with electrostatic speakers; new high-fidelity tape recorder.

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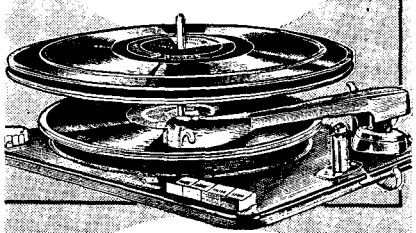

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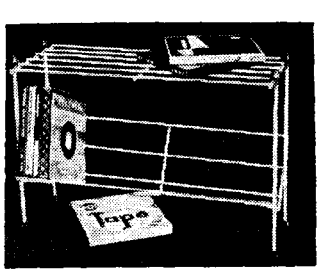

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CONRAC, INC. (3) A new Fleetwood television line, with definition control.

DAYSTROM ELECTRIC CORP. (4) Crestwood Models 304 and 404 tape recorders, and Crestwood Concerto 360, transportable table model.

***DeJUR-AMSCO CORP.** Dual-track, dual-speed tape recorder with hysteresis reversible motor, five speakers; chassis model of same.

DUOTONE COMPANY, INC. (2) Latest high-fidelity speaker by Phillips of the Netherlands; new Ticonal magnets with coaxial construction.

ELECTROSONIC LABORATORIES. (2) New Soloist pickup cartridge for use in record changers and professional-type tone arms.

ELECTRO-VOICE, INC. (7) New 80-series Ultra-linear ceramic cartridges; a new series of three-way indirect radiator horn-loaded loudspeaker systems and enclosures; a new series of Circlotron power amplifiers; two new preamplifiers; a new series of binaural FM-AM tuners; a new series of do-it-yourself kits for loudspeaker enclosures; new fifteen-inch three-way speaker, fifteen-inch woofer, eight-inch two-way speakers; new coaxial midrange drivers.

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***ERCONA CAMERA CORP.** Hi-fi amplifiers and control units, tape recorders, tape decks, automatic record-changers, record-players, loudspeakers, speaker enclosures, FM tuners, portable radios with lifetime batteries.

FAIRCHILD RECORDING EQUIPMENT COMPANY. (7) New model 275 power amplifier; model 411 three-speed turntable. New "Balanced Bar" preamplifier; new twenty-five-watt preamplifier; new Series 220 moving-coil pickup cartridge; new transcription pickup arms.

FEDERAL MANUFACTURING AND ENGINEERING CORP. (3) Magnetic tape recorders.

FENTON CO. (2) New Rex Brenell changer, Motek K-7 tape decks, Pro-2 tape preamp, B&O miniature ribbon mike; P-12 reversible crystal cartridge; B&O Unitape recorder and record-player combination; B&O-350 low impedance magnetic cartridge; Inductophone wireless headphone set.

GARRARD SALE CORP. (7) New version of Garrard RC80 3-speed changer with

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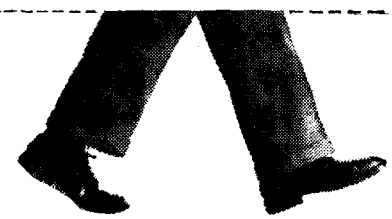

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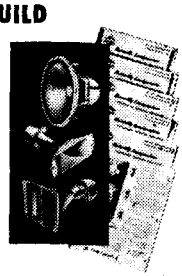

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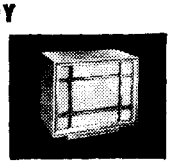

The CLASSIC, at right, is one of many outstanding systems that you can purchase. University offers a *complete* range from the space saving TINY-MITE to the ultimate in speaker systems—the CLASSIC and the DEAN. Free literature on request.

P-S-S-S-T! Learn more with our free literature!

University
LOUDSPEAKERS, INC. Desk G3
80 South Kensico Avenue, White Plains, N.Y.
Please send me further details.
☐ I want to build a system.
☐ I want to buy a system complete.
☐ I want information on both.
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BETTER SOUND... LONGER RECORD LIFE

Begin HERE →

the new Walco

RECORD ACCESSORY BAR

Look for it at your record dealers!

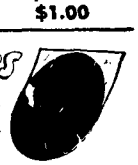
This all-in-one record accessory counter display has everything you need to improve the sound... extend the life of your records. Famous Walco Stati-Clean, anti-static record spray and Discovers, plastic protective sleeves for records — plus two *entirely new* Walco products that are absolute "musts" for every serious record collector: the Walco Balanced Sound Kit, for turntable and tone arm accuracy and Discleen, the *soft-as-sable* Walco record brush that's *unconditionally guaranteed* not to scratch delicate record surfaces. Next time you visit your record dealers, step up to the bright new Walco Record Accessory Bar. Step up and help yourself to Walco's 4-way guarantee of more listening pleasure and greater record protection!

WALCO **STATI-CLEAN**
An anti-static record spray; eliminates destructive dust. Less than a penny per disc.

WALCO **Balanced Sound Kit**
Accurate turntable level; precision stylus pressure gauge. **$1.50**

WALCO **DISCLEEN**
Camel's hair record brush; clips to tone arm brushing away dust ahead of the needle. **$1.00**

WALCO **DISCOVERS**
Plastic protective record sleeves; protect against dust, moisture, fingermarks. **$1.50 Pkg.**



Write for Free Discover.

Walco PRODUCTS, INC. Dept. SR-10
60 Franklin Street, East Orange, N. J.

finger-lift tone arm and new dynamically balanced armature; 301 professional transcription turntable with six-pound cast aluminum table and magnetic eddy current brake speed control; Model T single play unit with tone arm and shut-off mechanism.

GENERAL ELECTRIC CO. (6) New amplifier and new rumble filter; Clip-in-Tip stylus.

HARMON-KARDON INC. (2) High-fidelity AM-FM tuners, preamplifiers, amplifiers.

***HEATH COMPANY.** FM tuner kit, Williamson-type high-fidelity amplifier kits, harmonic distortion meter kit, audio analyzer kit.

INTERELECTRONICS CORP. (2) New Coronation 400 amplifier; Coronation 85 preamplifier-equalizer; and new 100-watt Constellation amplifier (with twenty-four carat gold-plated, polished chassis and components).

JENSEN MANUFACTURING CO. (6) Models DU-400 and DU-500 TV Duette Reproducers; eight high-fidelity loudspeaker system kits.

KARLSON ASSOCIATES, INC. (4) New one-cubic-foot enclosure for eight-inch speakers made to provide "big" sound with small cabinet.

***KINGSWAY OF LONDON LTD.** Four high-fidelity phonograph units with English quality components, housed in cabinets by Harold Schwartz.

KLIPSCH AND ASSOCIATES. (3) Klipschorn speaker systems.

JAMES B. LANSING SOUND, INC. (7) Lansing Hartsfield, other speaker systems.

LEAK (BRITISH INDUSTRIES CORP.). (7) TL-10 amplifier and preamplifier, with new provisions for tape recording and playback; a dynamic pickup arm and cartridge with low inertia from use of single pivot bearing.

LEONARD RADIO INC. (7) New ideas for home music reproduction.

LONDON RECORDS. (7) New FFRR record releases.

MAGNECORD, INC. (7) New "Citation" tape recorder-playback portable unit, 3¾ and 7½ inches per second, built-in power amplifier and speaker; new "Editor" recorder-playback tape unit, 7½ and fifteen inches per second, preamplifier output.

MERCURY RECORD CORP. (2) Living Presence recordings.

MOTOROLA, INC. (3) New complete hi-fi console with twenty-watt amplifier, four speakers; table model; a comple line of portable phonographs.

NATIONAL COMPANY, INC. (2) Ne "Criterion" AM-FM tuner, Horizon Preamplifier, Horizon-10 amplifie Horizon-20 amplifier, record change speaker systems.

NEWCOMB AUDIO PRODUCTS CO. (5) Ne compact amplifiers and tuners.

ORRADIO INDUSTRIES INC. (3) Irish Dou ble-Play recording tape, allowing 2,4 feet of tape on a seven-inch reel.

***JOHN OULD (U.S.A.) LTD.** "Pamphonic hi-fi amplifiers, speakers, and speak enclosures.

THE PENTRON CORP. (7) New all elec tronic orchestra in stereophonic cor cert; all new line of home and profes sional tape recorders.

PERMOFLUX CORP. (6) Stereo speake system; new three- and two-wa speaker systems; Maestro speake headset control box; extension speal er; low-cost hi-fi headset.

N. PICKENS IMPORT CO. (2) Blaupunk high-fidelity radio and radio-phonc graphs, with AM-FM-SW-LW.

PICKERING AND CO. (7) New "Flux valve" pickup cartridge with easil replaceable stylus, new extended range response.

PILOT RADIO CORP. (4) New HF-5 FM-AM tuner, amplifier and pream plifier all on one chassis; new AA-9(thirty-five-watt amplifier and pream plifier; wooden cabinets and metal er closures for entire line of tuner ar amplifiers.

***PYE, LIMITED, OF LONDON.** Pye high fidelity amplifiers, speaker system record reproducer, home radios.

RACON ELECTRIC CO. (2) A radicall new series of eight, twelve, and fi teen-inch loudspeakers, with low res onance, high compliance, high lir earity, pneumatic damping mid-rang speakers and 20,000 cps tweeters.

RCA VICTOR. (4) Complete line of high fidelity instruments from table mod up to twin console radio-phonograph tape recorder combination.

***RECORDED TAPE OF THE MONTH CLU** Complete line of pre-recorded tape available under club plan, will b demonstrated and displayed.

REEVES SOUNDCRAFT CORP. (7) Magnet recording products.

REK-O-CUT CO. (7) New precision pick up arm with novel features; turnta bles.

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BRAND
FERRO-SHEEN
PROCESS
RECORDING TAPE

You'll discover that its super-smooth surface gives you

● REDUCED HEAD WEAR
● EXTENDED FREQUENCY RANGE
● VIRTUALLY NO 'DROP-OUTS' or 'PRINT-THROUGH'

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FERRO-SHEEN
SHAMROCK
the ultimate in premium, professional tape. Comes with 5' Mylar leader in dust-proof polyethylene bag.
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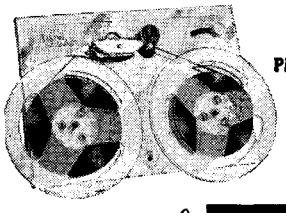
At Your Favorite Sound Dealer or Write to:
ORRADIO INDUSTRIES, INC.
World's Largest Exclusive Magnetic Tape Manufacturer
Opelika 8, Alabama

for faultless playback of pre-recorded tape!



PROVIDING FULL FIDELITY PERFORMANCE— 40-14,000 CPS at 7.5"
$59.95
USER NET

Sold thru dealers; write for information

VIKING Full Fidelity 75 TAPE DECK

VIKING of MINNEAPOLIS, Dept. SR10
3520 E. 43rd St., Minneapolis, Minn.

The small size of the Villchur acoustic suspension speaker system - 14"x11⅛"x25" - is associated with a major advance in speaker design rather than a compromise with quality. Literature available from:
ACOUSTIC RESEARCH, INC.
23 Mt. Auburn St.
Cambridge 38, Mass.
Rm. 550, New York Audio Fair
AR-1

Vant to know all about Hi-Fi?

he "Hi-Fidelity Mart" gives the low-down on complete units, amplifiers, pre-amps, cartridges, components, glossary, mikes, needles, phonos, recorders, peakers, tapes, tuners, etc. . . . everything about fine usic. For FREE copy, send name and address plus 6¢ or postage to MART magazine, 480 Lexington Ave., lew York 17.

JOHN F. RIDER PUBLICATIONS. (6) Books and manuals.

RIVER EDGE INDUSTRIES. (7) Equipment and record storage cabinet with tambour slide-away doors; many other new cabinet models and kits.

RJ AUDIO PRODUCTS. (7) Shelf model unfinished enclosures for eight-inch and twelve-inch speakers; floor model enclosures for twelve-inch and fifteen-inch speakers; RJ Wharfedale Combination, a complete system in shelf size with eight-inch Wharfedale speaker.

ROCKBAR CORP. (4) New Collaro Model 2010 transcription turntable; new Audion woofers; new Goodman's Axion speaker enclosures.

RONETTE ACOUSTICAL CORP. (2) New crystal tweeter with response to 16,000 cps, designed to operate satisfactorily in tropical climates.

HERMON HOSMER SCOTT INC. (7) New FM-AM binaural tuners, with distortionless AM detection up to 100 per cent modulation, eighty db rejection spurions response on FM; two new complete amplifiers with preamplifiers, one at twenty-two watts and one at thirty watts.

***SHURE BROTHERS INC.** A manually-operated display of large simulated cartridge; a complete system using the Music Lover pickup cartridge.

MARK SIMPSON MFG. CO. INC. (7) A new tape recorder, Model 500.

***SONOTAPE CORPORATION.** Pre-recorded tapes; twelve tapes from Westminster catalogue.

SONOTONE CORP. (3) New ceramic pickup cartridges; new amplifier to work with the ceramic cartridges; new linear coaxial loudspeaker.

STEPHENS MANUFACTURING CORP. (7) Companion two-way speaker system; 212 super-tweeter.

STROMBERG-CARLSON CO. (3) A new ten-watt budget-priced amplifier; a new twelve-watt amplifier with complete tone-control versatility a new preamplifier-control unit including variable record equalization, loudness control, and brilliance control; a new power amplifier of twenty-five-watts continuous power rating with Duo-Power circuit; a new FM-AM radio tuner with simplified controls, 1.5 microvolts for 20db quieting; a new dual loudspeaker, "Omega M," with aluminum ring instead of voice coil on tweeter.

***SYLVANIA ELECTRIC PRODUCTS INC.** Two new high-fidelity phonographs, one

Now there are 2

Rondine Jr.

2-SPEED 12" TURNTABLES by REK-O-KUT

Model L-34 for 45 and 33⅓ rpm records

And the NEW

Model L-37 for 78 and 33⅓ rpm records

$49.95
Slightly higher on West Coast

SEE THEM BOTH AT YOUR SOUND DEALER

or write for complete details to Dept. LK-11
REK-O-KUT COMPANY
38-01 Queens Blvd., Long Island City 1, N.Y.

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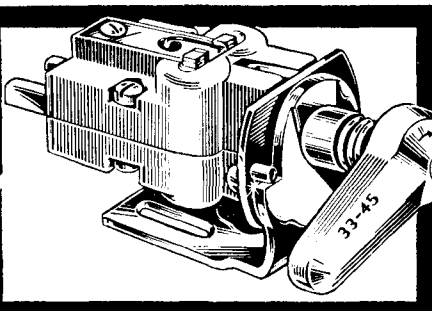
FULFILLMENT!



AT LAST . . . APPROACH ABSOLUTE FIDELITY IN THE REPRODUCTION OF RECORDED SOUND . . . WITH PREVALENT DISTORTIONS ELIMINATED OR MINIMIZED

HEAR THE FABULOUS NEW Recoton-Goldring "500" MAGNETIC TURNOVER CARTRIDGE

. . . FOR PROOF THAT HIGH FIDELITY RESULTS NEED NOT BE EXPENSIVE.

At leading hi-fi distributors; write for descriptive literature to:
RECOTON CORPORATION, Dept. S, 52—35 Barnett Ave., Long Island City 4, N. Y.

. . . this is the
GARRARD
The World's Finest Record Changer

SINCE 1935,
sold and serviced throughout the United States . . . recognized everywhere for superior performance, ruggedness, reliability.
Check craftsmanship, features, price and service . . . and you will understand clearly why this is the world's No. 1 high fidelity changer.

A Quality Endorsed Product of the British Industries Group: GARRARD Record Players • LEAK Amplifiers • WHARFEDALE Loudspeakers • GENALEX Tubes • R-J Enclosures • RIVER EDGE Cabinets • ERSIN Multicore Solders.

See and hear all British Industries components at the New York Audio Fair, New England Hi-Fi Music Show, and Philadelphia Hi-Fi Music Show.

British Industries Corporation Dept. SR-105
Port Washington, New York

REMINDER . . .

Only Event Of Its Kind in the United States

There is still time to obtain your tickets for the High Fidelity Lecture-Demonstration by C. A. Briggs of Wharfedale Wireless Works. At Carnegie Hall, New York City—Sunday, October 9, at 3 p.m. Featuring comparisons between recorded and live performances by Columbia artists E. Power Biggs (organist), Leonid Hambro (pianist), and members of the Philadelphia Orchestra.

Reserved seats at $2.50, $2.00, $1.50, and $1.15, Carnegie Hall Box Office, 57th Street and 7th Avenue, New York City. Mr. Briggs' two previous demonstrations at Royal Festival Hall, London, were sold out in advance. Buy your tickets TODAY!

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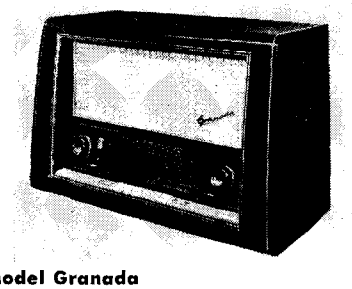
SUPER HIGH FIDELITY SOUND SYSTEM . . .



Model Granada
A truly SUPER HIGH FIDELITY Sound System. A high performance Push-Button Superhet of remarkable long distance reception performance and has Color-amic Scale, self contained dipole and high operating convenience. 3 concert loud speakers. AM, FM, Short Wave, Long Wave.

Inquire about other Blaupunkt Models at our Room #846, New Yorker Hotel, Oct. 13 to 16. New York dealer: Gimbel Bros.

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Exclusive Representative
31 East 14th Street, New York, N. Y.

EXCITING HIGH FIDELITY
From your HOME TAPE RECORDER

FROM $19.95 COMPLETE

20 thru 15,000 cycles at 7.5 I.P.S. to Input of Home Music System

DYNAMŪ
CONVERSION KIT
FOR YOUR Pentron, Revere, RCA, Wilcox Gay, Knight, Concertone, etc.
Write: DYNAMŪ, Maico Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.

a table model and one a console, whic include the "surround sound" princ ple of sound dispersion.

TANNOY (CANADA) LTD. (3) New "GRF enclosure and speaker system, usir Tannoy fifteen-inch dual concentr speaker with front and rear hor loading for wide sound dispersio new single-play pickup cartridge en bodying all the principles of Tann turnover cartridge; new preamplifi and amplifier, with power outpu raised from twelve to twenty-fiv watts.

TELECTROSONIC CORP. (4) Magnetic tap recorder and tape players.

TETRAD CO. INC. (6) Diamond styli.

THORENS COMPANY. (5) Record chang ers, record players, and transcriptio turntables with a new completel gear-driven motor.

TUNG-SOL ELECTRIC, INC. (4) Improve electronic tubes for high-fidelity cir cuits.

UNITED AUDIO PRODUCTS. (2) A full automatic record changer, with one push-button operation; an automat record player.

***UNITED SPEAKER SYSTEMS.** A new mod erately-priced speaker enclosure wit folder corner horn and mid- an high-frequency sectoral horn.

UNIVERSITY LOUDSPEAKERS, INC. (7) Dy namic presentation of company's pla for Progressive Speaker Expansio with listening demonstration as sys tem is built; new "Decor-coustic speaker systems.

V-M CORP. (5) Tape-O-Matic tape re corder; hi-fi console; new line of pho nographs.

WEATHERS INDUSTRIES. (5) FM pickup new SE-100 loudspeaker system.

WEBCOR. (7) Entire new line of tap recorders, phonographs, recor changers.

WESTMINSTER RECORDING CO. INC. (3 A test record with all necessary fre quency bands, stroboscope reading etc.; to test the special qualities c hi-fi equipment, also contains sample of music.

WHARFEDALE SPEAKERS. (7) Supe twelve-inch speaker; new twelve and fifteen-inch woofers for two an three way systems; new eight-inc full range speaker; new five-inc treble speaker with response fro 3,000 to 20,000 cps.

STAN WHITE. (4) An entire line of ne speakers will be released as surprise at the show.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1124

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

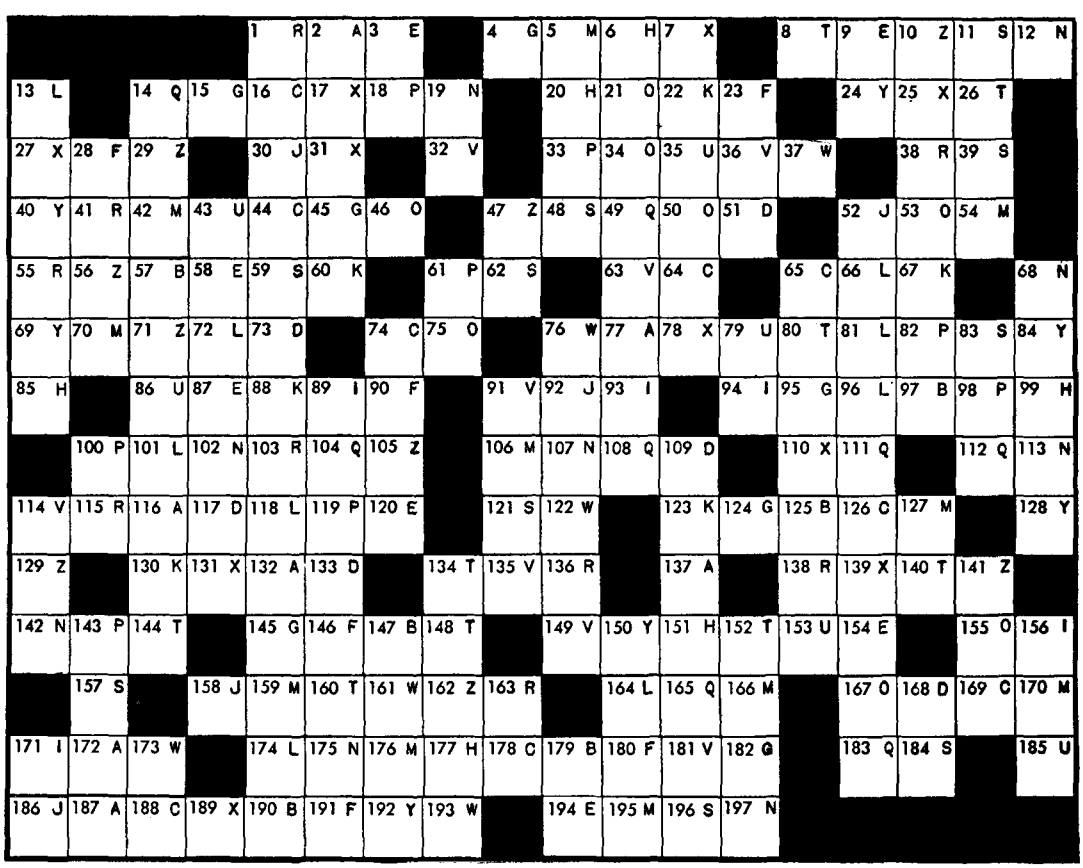
By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Small goatlike mountain antelope.	187 116 137 77 132 2 172
B. English poet of classic severity (1775-1864).	147 179 57 125 97 190
C. Happy from the goodness of one's inclinations or actions.	126 188 169 64 44 178 16 74 65
D. One thing that Alice Brown's "Slanderer" searches out "beneath a magnifying glass."	168 117 109 73 51 133
E. Engrossing, entrancing joy.	154 194 3 58 87 120 9
F. Winner, Nobel Peace Prize, 1922.	23 28 146 90 191 180
G. Circlets hung from the roofs of churches to carry lighted tapers.	95 15 124 145 45 4 182
H. Guarantee.	85 6 99 20 151 177
I. Composer of "Silver Threads Among the Gold" (1834-1903).	93 94 171 89 156
J. Specifying "berry" of tropical Amer. highlands, like a raspberry.	30 92 158 186 52
K. Having numerous protuberances.	88 123 60 22 130 67
L. Formerly "formerly."	72 96 81 174 164 66 101 118 13
M. One of "Dr. I.Q.'s" categories of posers, on the radio (3 wds.).	42 159 5 170 195 127 106 70 176 166 54

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. With "Words," title of magazine published by Charles Dickens, 1850-7.	142 113 107 197 102 68 175 12 19
O. Inscription on lasting material, esp. one on a building.	34 75 167 46 50 155 21 53
P. Breadth of the hand plus the extended thumb, measure used in archery.	100 82 98 61 33 143 119 18
Q. Soil composed chiefly of decayed vegetable matter (2 wds.).	14 49 165 111 112 183 108 104
R. Submerge.	38 138 115 163 55 1 41 103 136
S. Woman in early English literature who had survived five husbands (3 wds.).	196 121 184 59 62 39 83 157 11 48
T. Condition of excessive redness in plumage or hair.	140 144 148 152 134 26 160 80 8
U. Elastic, esp. of musical tempos.	185 153 86 35 43 79
V. Of or pertaining to a direct current of electricity.	63 32 114 149 91 36 135 181
W. Install ceremonially.	76 122 161 173 37 193
X. General class of airplane which may soon conquer outer space (2 wds.).	189 110 27 17 25 7 31 131 139 78
Y. Fulgurate.	84 150 40 24 128 69 192
Z. Profane expletive (colloq.).	105 47 162 56 29 141 129 10 71

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 36 of this issue.

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Meet Mr. Uecke, world authority on "silence"

Mr. Uecke is a member of Capitol's record-rating *jury*. His job is to guarantee that you hear every bit of silence – and every bit of music – the composer meant you to.

And *Silence,* according to Mr. Uecke, can be a beautiful thing – especially when it is "written in" to a score by a composer.

Understandably, the arch-foe of *silence* on a recording is "background noise." It can utterly destroy the composer's most meaningful *silences.*

But it can't do it on a Capitol "FDS" Recording. The *jury* sees to that. They ferret out such other imperfections as Electrical Distortion . . . Muddy Separation . . . Musical Imbalance. Naturally, they also critically appraise the performance itself.

When they decide an artist has given an exceptional performance, and that it has been flawlessly recorded by Capitol's sound engineers and technicians – they label that record *"Capitol Full Dimensional Sound."* It's the purest high fidelity that can be achieved by the recorder's art.

You can enjoy the world's greatest artists on Capitol "FDS" Recordings. Only Capitol brings them to you.

Capitol's "Full Dimensional Sound" symbol denotes an exceptional performance, flawlessly recorded. It is the purest high fidelity achieved by the recorder's art. All FDS recordings come to you in an inner protective envelope.

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FDS FULL DIMENSIONAL SOUND

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